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LUIS DE CAMOENS.

Memoirs

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

Luis de Camoens.

BY

JOHN ADAMSON, F. S. A.

LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

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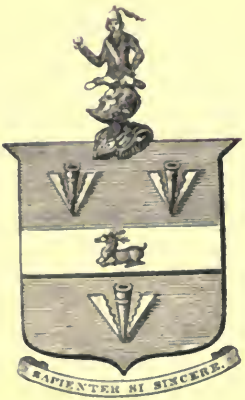

To

Thomas Davidson, Esquire,

Clerk of the Peace for the

County of Northumberland,

THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED AS

A TOKEN OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM

BY HIS FAITHFUL AND OBLIGED

FRIEND AND SERVANT,

JOHN ADAMSON.

Newcastle upon Tyne, 9th March, 1820.

Camoens, o'er thy bright immortal lays
Of mournful elegy or lyric song,
How fleetly glide the rapid hours along!
I give to Thee my nights, to Thee my days.
The harms of fortune and the woes of love,
The changes of thy destiny severe
I mark with sadly sympathetic tear,
And can but sigh for what was thine to prove.
For Thee mine eyes with bursting tears o'erflow,
Majestic Poet! whose undaunted soul
Brav'd the ill-omen'd stars of either Pole.
And found in other climes but change of woe.
What Bard of fickle fortune dare complain,
Who knows Thy fate, and high immortal strain!

Soneto de J. X. de Mattos translated by Dr. J. Leyden.

Preface.

The object of the present undertaking is to give such information respecting the life and writings of

Luis de Camoens, as could be collected from the details of his former biographers assisted by a perusal of his own works, and by a diligent research amongst articles of more than ordinarily rare occurrence. In pursuing this plan, the condition of the University at which he studied, the state of poetry at that time in Portugal, and the immediate predecessors and contemporaries of the Bard severally became the subject of enquiry.

These volumes contain the Life of the Portuguese Poet, with memoirs of his writings; a bibliographical account of the several translations of the Lusiad, with notices concerning the Translators; and as accurate a list of the Editions of the various works of Camoens as the author had the means to procure.

From these preliminary observations it will be seen, that the present work sets up for itself little, if any, claim beyond that of a compilation, in the most material part of which, namely the Life of Camoens, it has been endeavoured to make the poet as much as possible his own biographer.

Camoens is generally known as the author of the Lusiad, the most celebrated poem in the Portuguese language; and although the leading features of his eventful life have been oftentimes submitted to the British public, yet many interesting incidents are to be met with in that part of his works

called his Rimas, which, until of late years, were almost totally unknown in this country.

With respect to the Lusiad, after the able defence of it by Mr Mickle, and the various and valuable information by which his version is preceded, it was originally intended to have inserted merely a slight sketch of the poem itself, and to have referred the reader to that work. The publication, however, of the splendid edition of this poem by Dom Joze Maria de Souza altered that intention; and it was thought right to give publicity to the Essay written by a personage who has done not less honour to the memory of Camoens than to himself, and to the Portuguese nation.

In the account of the Rimas recourse has been had to the elaborate work of Mr Bouterwek,* to whose book Mr Sismondi† acknowledges himself to have been under considerable obligations; to the Commentaries of Faria e Sousa; to the Observations of Dom Joze Maria de Souza; and to those of many other authors.

The first who undertook to write the Life of Camoens was Manoel Severim de Faria, Precentor of the Church of Evora, and who, according to Ma-

* Geschichte der Poesie und Beredsamkeit. Gottingen, 1801, &c.

† De la Littérature du Midi de l'Europe. Paris, 1813.

noel de Faria e Sousa, bestowed much study and care in its composition; drawing his materials principally from the works of his author. This memoir was published in his "Discursos varios e politicos," printed at Evora by Manoel Carvalho in 1624.

Manoel de Faria e Sousa* regretted that it had fallen to the lot of Severim de Faria to publish this account of Camoens; as that circumstance had deprived him of the honour of being his earliest biographer, of which he had been very solicitous, having, at the time it appeared, completed a second copy in manuscript of his intended work. He thanks Severim de Faria for the zeal and diligence with which he had executed his undertaking, and, observes, that adding his own labours to those already applied, he enters upon his narrative.

The Life of Camoens was twice written by Faria e Sousa. The first Memoir was printed with the Commentary on the Lusiad in 1639. Another, wherein some of the errors of the former are corrected and new information is given, appeared with his Commentary on the Rimas in 1685.

It is forborne to repeat here the severe sentence which has been pronounced upon the productions

* The reader will please to notice, that although he will find the name of this Author frequently spelt *Souza*, it is believed the above is the proper mode of writing it.

both of Severim de Faria and Faria e Sousa by a late biographer of the poet; because, although they may have taken liberties with their author, and not have succeeded so happily as might have been wished by the admirers of Camoens, yet they may be thought to be entitled to our thanks for those records of him, which they have preserved and handed down to us.

The next life of any importance precedes the edition of the Lusiad published by Ignacio Garcez Ferreira. It is, like most of those sketches by which his works and translations are accompanied, short and unsatisfactory.

In this condition the biography of Camoens rested until the fame and memory of the bard were destined to receive the splendid and honourable testimonial by the publication, in the year 1817, of the edition of the Lusiad before alluded to. Had this magnificent work been printed in a language with which the English were conversant, it is more than probable, that although the present undertaking had for many years occupied the attention of its author, he would have considered his plan anticipated, and have given up the idea of prosecuting his enquiries; under the circumstances, however, in which that edition appeared, and from the information which has been subsequently obtained, he does not regret that his intention was not abandoned.

We have now to speak of the embellishments of the present work: no pains have been spared, and considerable expence has been incurred, to make them as worthy of notice as possible.

The portrait at the commencement of the first volume, is copied from the most authentic one known, and which is preserved in the volume of Severim de Faria. It is to Gaspar Severim de Faria, the nephew of that author, and Executor Mayor del Reino, that we are indebted for the preservation of the likeness of Camoens. Gaspar, we are informed by his uncle, had the portrait engraved on copper, and placed below it an elegant tribute of praise. "In order that such reward, as an in-" dividual might be permitted to give, might not " be wanting to his merit, my nephew Gaspar has " had engraved a portrait of the poet, which is " in my Varios Discursos, with an accompanying " inscription, and has made a brief notice of his " life, adding to it a Latin eulogium."

This portrait* has been followed by several engravers, but with such licence of the Burine, that in

* The author has preferred giving this portrait as it appears in the volume of Severim de Faria, but with the arms brought down from the corner of the picture, and placed below the engraving. The portrait in the work of D. Joze Maria de Souza is from the same original, but has been altered for the purpose of giving more ease to the appearance of the figure.

many instances a very different character is given from that which is displayed in the original; and so careless have certain artists been, that in the prints in Faria e Sousa's Commentary on the Lusiad, and in Sir Richard Fanshaw's translation of that poem, Camoens appears blind of the wrong eye, from the plate having been reversed, a liberty too frequently taken by engravers. A fac simile of the portrait in Faria e Sousa's work, with the exception of the alteration as to the eye; another of the Commentator himself; one of a whole length figure of the poet, from the folio edition of 1720; and various wood cuts, will be found in the following pages.

The portrait of Donna Ignez de Castro is engraved from a print, in the "Retratos e Elogios dos Varoens e Donas que illustraram a nacaõ Portugueza," concerning which the editors of that work have the following remark: "The most ancient portrait, which we could discover and from "which our print is taken, remains in the house "of the most excellent Senhor the Conde de Redondo, where it is much esteemed. The picture is not of great size; is of excellent gothic "painting on board; and represents her features "so naturally, as to appear preferable to one sent "us from Alcobaça, copied from the figure on her "tomb This also preserves the mode of dress at

" that time, which makes it of so much the more " value."

The number of those persons, to whom the author has been under literary obligations, and by whose assistance he has benefited in his enquiries, precludes his noticing them individually. He trusts, therefore, that they will accept his thanks, conveyed thus in general terms. It would, however, be unpardonable in him to omit the name of his friend Mr Gooden, and that of Mr Heber, to whose stores of Portuguese literature he has had free access. His acknowledgments are also particularly due to Mr Carlisle, of the Royal Library at Buckingham House; to Mrs Cockle, who obligingly versified his prose translations of those pieces which bear her initial; to Dr Halliday of Edinburgh, for a portrait of the poet; to Lord Holland, for his attention to a request that his Lordship would allow the author to inspect the extremely rare and curious copy of the first edition of the Lusiad at Holland House; and to Mr Hayley and Mr Southey for permitting him to enrich his work with various translations of sonnets from the Portuguese of Camoens. Nor can he conclude without declaring how much he has been indebted to Dom Joze Maria de Souza for the many communications with which he has been favoured; for personal

civilities shewn in Paris; and for the lively interest Dom Joze has evinced for the success of the present undertaking.

The author has only now to request that the reader will be pleased, before he commences the perusal of these memoirs, to make the following corrections and additions:—

CORRECTIONS.

Vol. I. p. 7. line 5. *dele* him.
p. p. 12. 13. *for* Afonso, *read* Affonso.
p. 59. l. 20. *for* mein, *read* mien.
p. 126. l. 13. *for* diaz, *read* dias.
p. 144. l. 3. *for* loaded, *read* loaden.
p. 183. last line, *for* that of feeling, *read* that feeling.
p. 247. l. 21. *for* Garcilasso, *read* Garcilaso.
p. 299. l. 23. *for* interlude, *read* prelude.
Vol. II. p. 12. l. 19. *for* I will say, *read* shall I say, *and place ? at the end of the paragraph.*
p. 32. l. 23. *for* em, *read* sem.
p. 188. l. 2. *for* em, *read* un.
p. 206. l. 3. *for* Buckhandlung, *read* Buchhandlung.
p. 207. l. 18. *for* fruchtbareren, *read* fruchtbare.
p. 208. l. 11. *for* nna, *read* und; l. 15. *for* den, *read* der; and l. 17. *for* deun, *read* denn.
p. 209. l. 11. *for* Mit, *read* Mit.
p. 210. l. 2. *for* angublicken, *read* anzublicken.
p. 215. l. 7. *for* sheiden, *read* scheiden.
p. 216. l. 11. *for* sounenlicht, *read* sonnenlicht.
p. 219. l. 1. *for* Schneededeckten, *read* Schneebedeckten.
p. 221. l. 11. *for* in, *read* im.
p. 308. l. 13. 14. *for* In the first volume of these me-

moirs I have particularly mentioned this dedication. The author of it states, *read* The author of this dedication observes.

p. 329. l. 14. *for* portraits, *read* portrait.

p. 329. l. 19. after the word Commentator, *add* a Prologo, the Life of the Poet, and the "Juizio del Poema" precede the Commentary.

p. 344. l. 24. *for* Guarino, Garcilasso, *read* Guarini, Garcilaso.

p. 370. l. 2. *for* Plateum, *read* Pluteum.

ADDITIONS.

An edition of the Lusiad 1623 is mentioned in Clarke's Progress of Maritime Discovery, p. 139.

A translation of Canto VII. of the Lusiad, stanza for stanza, by Manoel de Oliveira Ferreira, who was a clergyman, and the author of many works, as well published as in manuscript, is mentioned by Machado, Tomo iii. p. 327. The title of this work is—

Liber VII. Lusiadum Camonii,

Memoirs

OF

Luis de Camoens.

MEMOIRS

OF

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

The glorious reign of the King Dom Manoel was closed, and that of Ioaõ III. who is justly celebrated as the patron of learning and science, had commenced, when Portugal gave birth to Luis de Camoens. In the history of this distinguished poet we find a life checkered with vicissitudes, and clouded by misfortunes; latter years embittered by the cruel neglect of that country, to which he was so much attached, and to whose service and glory he had

dedicated his youth and manhood; and his writings securing for him the posthumous appellations of the "Apollo Portuguez," The Prince of the Poets of Spain, The Great Luis de Camoens, with others equally honourable.

The family of Camoens or Caamaños had its origin in Gallicia, and possessed extensive domains. The Abbot Ioaõ Salgado de Araujo is said to have traced its antiquity in a work on the Noble Houses of Gallicia, which he left in manuscript. As, however, the object of his present biographer is to give that account of Camoens, which, being drawn from authentic sources, will, for that reason, be the more likely to be correct; the researches of Manoel de Faria e Sousa, and others, who have speculated upon the origin of the family from whence he descended, and their conjectures grounded principally on etymologies, are entirely dismissed from consideration; and the memoirs are proceeded with from the period of the arrival of its founder in Portugal, under the reign of Dom Fernando.

In this work, had the poet himself not mentioned in his Redondilhas a certain bird, the

extraordinary discrimination of which as to the fidelity of its mistress has been celebrated by other authors; the idea as to the name of Camoens being derived from its appellation, might have been disregarded as unworthy of notice. All that may be necessary to state is, that the bird named Camaõ, which never survived the infidelity of the wife of its Lord, has been supposed by some to have supplied a name to the ancestry of the poet. The passage referred to is—

> Exprimentou-se alguã hora
> Da Ave que chamaõ Camaõ,
> Que, se da Casa, onde mora,
> Ve adultera, a Senhora,
> Morre de pura paixaõ.*

The founder of the family in Portugal was Vasco Pires de Camoens; who, during the war

* The more ancient name of this extraordinary bird appears to have been Porphyrio:—

> Porphyrio, domini si incestet in ædibus uxor,
> Despondetque animum, præque dolore perit.
> Abdita in arcanis naturæ est causa: sit index
> Sinceræ hæc volucris certa pudicitiæ.
>
> *Alciatus, Emblem.* 47.

in the fourteenth century, between the kings Henrique II. of Castile, and Fernando of Portugal, together with other Fidalgos of Castile, indignant at the conduct of Henrique towards his brother Pedro, whose life he had taken, and whose crown he had usurped, became a voluntary exile from his country, and repaired to the King of Portugal. To the Castilians, who thus joined him, Fernando was lavish in his favours, and, whilst to others he dispensed rewards suited to their rank and condition; he gave to Vasco Pires de Camoens, whom Faria e Sousa supposes, from the reception he met with, to have been a person of high consideration, and the head of the family, the "Villas" of Sardoal, Punhete, Maraõ, and Amendoa, and appointed him one of the principal Fidalgos of his Council, as a recompense for the possessions which he had abandoned in Castile. Nor did the favours of Fernando rest here; to him was afterwards confided, the custody of the Castle of Alcanede; he was presented with the Seigneury of Gestaço, and other possessions in Avis and Estremoz, which belonged to Dona Beatriz, the daughter of the

Portuguese monarch;* and was also made Alcaide Mór of Portalegre and Alenquer.

Vasco Pires de Camoens was united in marriage with the daughter of Gonçalo Tenreiro, Senhor of Aljer, and other lands; Commander of the Portuguese Fleet under Fernando; afterwards, Captain General of Lisbon, under Ioaõ I. when Protector of the Kingdom; and who, following the fortunes of Dona Beatriz, Queen of Castile, and Daughter of Fernando, took the title of Master of the Order of Christ. The issue of this marriage were Gonçalo Vaz de Camoens, Ioaõ Vaz de Camoens, and Constança Pires de Camoens, Wife of Pero Severim, a French Gentleman, who is mentioned as being at the capture of Ceuta.

It is most probable, from the marks of favour which Fernando bestowed upon Vasco Pires de Camoens, that the latter possessed the confidence of that weak monarch until his death, which happened at Lisbon, in 1383. A short time previous to this event the Princess Dona Beatriz had been married to Don

* Chronic. de Dom Fernando. p. 257. edit. de 1774.

Juan, who had succeeded Don Henrique as King of Castile; and certain agreements were, upon this marriage, entered into between the sovereigns, which afterwards made Portugal the scene of foreign and domestic warfare. It was in consequence of these treaties that the Portuguese looked for a protector to the Master of Avis, Dom Ioaõ, the bastard son of the late King Pedro; whom, for his services in their behalf, they afterwards elevated to the throne.

When this difference of opinion as to the Succession arose, we find Vasco Pires de Camoens espousing the cause of Fernando's consort Leonor, and that of his daughter the queen of Castile.

The discontent of the people at her conduct, and the movements of the partisans of the Master of Avis having assumed a formidable appearance, Leonor, apprehensive of danger if she remained in Lisbon, set out for Alenquer, where she resided some time; until considering her safety there also precarious, she left Camoens in the Castle, and, deputing Martim Gonçales de Ataide guardian of the Town,

departed for Santarem. Juan, being apprised by Leonor of the events then passing, and being invited to her assistance, had invaded Portugal with an army, by the successes of which he was soon enabled him to make a considerable inroad into the Kingdom, and to join the Queen at Santarem. The name of Vasco Pires appears amongst the Fidalgos, who were with the King of Castile at this time at Santarem,* to which place he most probably had repaired by order of Leonor.

Shortly after this the Queen is stated to have relented that she had been the means of furthering the views of Juan as to the Portuguese throne, and of expediting the invasion. The conduct of Juan towards her was not of the nature she had expected, and that of his followers was oppressive. It would appear that she was concerned in a conspiracy to escape from his power into Coimbra, whilst the King was to be murdered without the City in a Monastery in which he lodged. On the discovery of this plot, Juan issued orders that Leonor

* Chronica de D. Ioaõ 1. p. 65

should be conducted a prisoner to the Monastery of Tordesillas, near Valladolid.* Alenquer now declared for the Master of Avis, contrary to the wishes of Camoens; who still held out in the castle for the King of Castile, to whom he afterwards surrendered the Town, as did the Governors of Torres Vedras and Obidos, in opposition to the inclinations of their respective inhabitants. Previous to this the people of Alenquer had sent to Ioaõ, to request that fifty men might be dispatched to their assistance, with which force they would endeavour to take the castle, in which were Camoens and his adherents. Two gallies were accordingly sent, but were obliged to retreat before a detachment, forwarded by Juan to the relief of Camoens. Upon this happening, the inhabitants, dreading the cruelty of the Castilians, fled with their wives, children, and properties; nor could they be induced by the persuasions of Camoens to return, although assured by him of protection.

The preparations for the siege of Lisbon and for its defence next occupy the pages of

* Faria e Sousa Europa Portugueza—Chronica de D. Ioaõ I.

the Chronicle of Dom Ioaõ. This important proceeding, which might probably have determined the war, was stopped by a sickness, which, pervading the Castilian army, rendered a retreat necessary; and the fall of Alenquer was one of the consequences arising therefrom. Vasco Pires de Camoens had at first made preparations for defending the town; but seeing the force which Ioaõ had with him, he surrendered the Castle upon terms, that the garrison should evacuate the place with their property, and go to Santarem; that if the Queen Leonor, who had confided the castle to him, should return to Portugal unaccompanied by Castilians, it should be delivered up to her; and that in the mean time its custody should be entrusted to persons selected by him. These terms being acceded to, he chose some of his friends and companions to remain with him in Alenquer.

Almost immediately after this capitulation, Camoens is reported to have dishonourably engaged in a conspiracy with the King of Castile for the murder of the Master of Avis, which was frustrated by the plot being dis-

covered to him. The amount of force which Camoens was expected to have ready, was one hundred and fifty lancers.

Ioaõ was shortly afterwards proclaimed King, and we read nothing further of Vasco Pires de Camoens in his military career, until he was taken prisoner, fighting for the King of Castile, at the famous battle of Aljubarrota. The Chronicle of Dom Ioaõ* is almost conclusive as to this event, and represents him, together with Dom Pedro de Castro, as being near to Ioaõ, when he was resting after the fatigues of the battle. The assertions therefore, of Mickle, and others of his biographers, that he perished in that dreadful conflict, is incorrect, and the time of his death left uncertain.

Camoens has, in the fourth Canto of the Lusiad, silently censured the attachment of his ancestor to the Castilian Cause, by lauding the patriotism and efforts of the Portuguese at that eventful period, and by celebrating the heroic valour of Dom Ioaõ.

* Chronica de Ioaõ I. p. 258. Faria e Sousa, in the life prefixed to the Rimas, uses the expression "perdiendose."

The greater part of the possessions of Vasco was lost by his conduct to the Master of Avis. After the battle, though deprived of all command, he was permitted to retain his estates at Estremoz and Avis, and some property at Alenquer and Lisbon. With the produce of the latter his descendants afterwards purchased lands at Evora and Avis, which turned out to advantage; and which, when Severim de Faria wrote the life of the poet, were called Camoeyras, and were then in their possession.*

Here a circumstance may be stated respecting Vasco Pires de Camoens, which has hitherto escaped the notice of the biographers of the Portuguese bard; and which, coming from respectable authority, is entitled to considerable credit. Sarmiento,† in his "Memorias "para la Historia de la Poesia y Poetas Es- "panoles," quotes a manuscript letter which he had discovered, and which had been written by the Marquess of Santillana, who lived near the time of Vasco. This letter had been

* Severim de Faria Disc. Var. Vida de Camoens, p. 90.

† Nos. 370, 683, &c.

addressed to the constable Dom Pedro, the son of the Duke of Coimbra, and Regent during the minority of Afonso V. Dom Pedro had requested the Marquess to send him a Cancionero, or Collection of his Poems, which was accompanied by this letter, wherein is an account of the poets then known and celebrated. After naming several, he writes "*Despues de* "*ellos vinieron Vasco Perez de Camoés*" &c. "After these came Vasco Pires de Camoens" &c. In another part of his work, Sarmiento refers to what he had given as a quotation, and observes, that there could be no doubt if this letter had been known when Faria e Sousa wrote, he would have made mention of it to the credit of Vasco. Neither the description of poems which he wrote, nor the language in which they were composed, were known to Sarmiento, who supposes, that as Vasco was a Gallician, he most probably wrote in the language of that country. He is of opinion the poems of Vasco were contained in a Cancionero, which the Marquess mentions to have been in the possession of his grandmother, Dona Mencia de Cisneros, and which he states

to have been composed of " *Canticas Serranas,* " *Decires Portugueses, y Gallegos,*" which were much praised at that time.

The descendants of the eldest son of Vasco Pires were of some account, as may be inferred from their marriages into the rich and powerful families, mentioned by Severim de Faria. Ioaõ Vaz de Camoens, the second son, was " Vassallo" of the King Afonso V.; a title then of importance; and served that monarch in the wars in Africa and against Castile; in all which he particularly distinguished himself. His residence was in the City of Coimbra, which place he represented at the Cortes, held during Afonso's minority. He was also Corregedor of that District, an office of which the jurisdiction was very extensive, there being only six similar situations in the kingdom, and they usually filled by Fidalgos of rank.

Ioaõ Vaz de Camoens married Ignez Gomes da Silva, bastard daughter of Iorge da Silva, who was the grandson of Diogo Gomes da Silva, whose brother was *Alferes-Mór*, or Chief Ensign of the King Dom Ioaõ I. and possessed many lands. Ioaõ Vaz de Camoens was buried

in the Chapel of the Cloister in the Cathedral of Coimbra, wherein a marble monument was erected to his memory. Antaõ Vaz de Camoens, the son of Ioaõ Vaz, was united to Guimar Vaz da Gama, of the family of the Gamas of Algarve, descended from that of Alemtejo, by whom he had issue, Simaõ Vaz de Camoens, the father of the poet.

The mother of Luis was Dona Anna de Sa e Macedo, of noble descent; and sprung from the Macedos of Santarem. The residence of the poet's parents was in Lisbon, in the district " da Mouraria," in the parish of San Sebastiaõ, where Luis was most probably born; and who, dying a bachelor, the family in this line failed " like an expiring lamp previous to its final extinction, emitting a brighter and more dazzling gleam."*

The period at which Camoens lost his father has not been clearly defined by the biographers of the poet. By some writers, that event is alleged to have occurred during the infancy of his son; and by others a much later time

* Retratos e Elogios dos Varões e Donas Portug. Vid. de Cam.

has been assigned as the date of this misfortune. At this day, those arguments can only be adduced, which have been urged in favour of the latter period; and, adding any ideas, which may have arisen from a perusal of the works of the various writers, left with the reader, in order that he may form his own judgment. It is agreed that he was educated for the sea service; that, sailing to India, he lost the ship, of which he was the commander, on the coast of Goa; and that, escaping from the wreck, he died soon afterwards in that city.

Manoel de Faria e Sousa states, in the life which accompanies his Commentaries on the Lusiad, that, when Camoens received the wound which deprived him of the sight of his eye, he was fighting by the side of his father, who commanded one of the Portuguese Vessels. This account has been judged worthy of credit, and has been followed by the latest biographer of the poet, Dom Jozé Maria de Souza. Anxious to obtain every information relating to Camoens, I have been obligingly furnished, since the publication of his work, with the reasons, which induced that writer to

suppose that the account of the death of the father of Camoens, during the poet's infancy, was incorrect. These reasons rest chiefly upon the entries in the Book at the Portuguese India House, which will be shortly afterwards noticed. In the former of these, the father is mentioned as the surety for his son, while his name does not appear in the latter; from whence it is inferred, as the case most probably was, that the misfortune of the shipwreck, and subsequent death, took place in the interval between the dates of the two entries. In support of this opinion Dom Jozé is inclined to think, that had the father been alive in India, on the arrival of his son in that country, Camoens would have noticed that circumstance in the first letter which he sent home, and which has been preserved to us. Faria e Sousa is disposed to consider, that if the shipwreck had happened when Camoens was an infant, he would have taken some opportunity in his writings to lament this early deprivation of his parental care.

In the absence of any notice by the poet, of the death of Simaõ, had not the entries at

the India House been discovered, it would have been difficult to have set aside the assertions made by Severim de Faria, and the other writers, who mention the former period; and with respect to the affair, in which Camoens was wounded, we have the poet's allusion to it in his cançaõ, commencing—

" Vinde cá meu taõ certo secretario."

In composing which an opportunity was given him, not very likely to have been neglected, of introducing the fact of his father being near him when this event happened. Besides what is offered above, the shipwreck of the father, and the character he might leave behind him, might probably have had due weight with the Portuguese Authorities, to whom these circumstances would be accurately known; and these might have been deemed such sufficient security for the son, as was then usually demanded previous to undertaking the voyage to India.

Whatever difference of opinion respecting the birth-place of Camoens may have been formerly entertained, it is now universally ad-

mitted, that the city of Lisbon is justly entitled to that enviable honour; and that the pretensions of Coimbra, Santarem, and other places, to this distinction, were without foundation. The exact period when the event took place was long involved in doubt, but it has been of late years generally allowed to have occurred during the year 1524, in the then parish of San Sebastiaõ. That the residence of his parents, and the place of the birth of Camoens, a person nobly descended, of splendid genius, whose military achievements and literary compositions were well known and acknowledged at the time, should be at all a matter of uncertainty, sufficiently discover the little regard felt by his country for a man, who was one of her brightest ornaments; whose name and writings ought then to have been, as they now are, her pride and boast; and whose miserable death has left a stain upon her character, which the painful labour and research since bestowed to elucidate his history, and shew honour to his memory, have not been able to efface.

The first authority for the date of the birth

of Camoens was that of Manoel Correa, the friend and contemporary of the poet. Correa, who was a native of Elvas, was Synodal Examiner of the Archbishopric of Lisbon, and the Curate of the parish in which the parents of Camoens resided. He was skilled in literature, and in the knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, and was also the correspondent of many celebrated scholars of that period.* In a life of the poet which he wrote, and which was published by Pedro de Mariz after the death of Correa, along with his Commentary on the Lusiad, which Machado states to have been made at the instance of Camoens, it is asserted that he was born in the year 1517. To this authority, which was con-

* Among these was Justus Lipsius, who, in a letter made use of these affectionate expressions of friendship for him: "Te, mi Correa, videam, pectori applicer, collo adstringar, atque ipsa hac cogitatione liquesco, & moveor: quid si re frui detur." Correa wrote, besides the Commentary on the Lusiad, verses in praise of the "Arte de Musica" of Duarte Lobo, and on the "Aferimos" of Ambrosio Nunes; and left in MS. "Principios de Grammatica" and "Coruelio Tacito traduzido em Portuguez. 4to." Machado Bibl. Lusit. Tom. iii. p. 232.

sidered indisputable, credit was given by the biographer of Camoens, Severim de Faria; and Manoel de Faria e Sousa, who next undertook the life of the poet, coincided with him, merely stating, "*Verdad es, que dize el* "*Licenciado Manoel Correa, persona de cre-* "*dito, i de la edad del Poeta, i su amigo,* "*que nacio en Lisboa per los annos* 1517." The truth is, that the Licenciate Manoel Correa, a person of credit, contemporary with the poet, and his friend, says, that he was born in Lisbon, in 1517.

Faria e Sousa states, in the second life of Camoens, which he wrote, and which appeared with the Commentaries on the Rimas, that he afterwards discovered by an examination made of the lists of the Portuguese India House, that the year 1524 was the true date of the birth of the poet. Of the result of this search he gives the following account:—"Pero el ano "1643 vino a mis manos un Registro de la "Casa de la India de Lisboa de todas las "personas mas principales que passaron a ser-"vir en la India, desde el ano 1500 hasta "estes nuestros anos; y en la lista de el de

" 1550 hallè este assiento. *Luis de Camoens,*
" *hijo de Simon Vaz, y Ana de Sâ, Moradores*
" *en Lisboa a la Mouraria ; Escudero de viente*
" *y cinco anos, barbirubio : trouxe por fiador*
" *a su padre : vá en la nave de San Pedro de*
" *los Burgalezes.*" In the year 1643, a Register of the Portuguese India House, of the principal persons who sailed to India, from the year 1500 up to the then present time, was examined by me; and in the list for 1550, I found this entry: Luis de Camoens, son of Simaõ Vaz and Anna de Sâ, residents in Lisbon, in the district of the Mouraria; Escudeiro:* aged 25; with a red beard; surety his father: sails in the ship San Pedro dos Burgalezes.†

Camoens, however, did not proceed to India until 1553, in which year he sailed in the fleet of four ships, commanded by Fernando Alvares Cabral: and, in the account containing the particulars of their crews, is this entry under

* A title formerly given to the noblemen now called Fidalgos—*Viegra.*

† In this ship the Viceroy, Dom Affonso de Noronha embarked for India.

the title of *Gente de Guerra:* " Fernando " Casado, hijo de Manoel Casado y de Blanca " Queymada, Moradores en Lisboa, Escu- " dero. Fue en su lugar Luis de Camoens, " hijo de Simon Vaz, y Ana de Sâ, Escudero, " y recibió 2,400 Reis, como los demàs." Fernando Casado, son of Manoel Casado, and of Branca Queimada, residents in Lisbon, Escudeiro. Luis de Camoens, son of Simaõ Vaz and Anna de Sâ, Escudeiro, went in his place, and received 2,400 Reis.

From these two entries, Faria e Sousa fixed upon the year 1524 for the birth of Camoens, and explains any difficulty which might arise from his mother being denominated Anna de Sâ, by stating that her name was Anna de Sâ e Macedo, and that the secretary, for the sake of brevity, had left out the word Macedo, as he did that of Camoens in the description of her husband, calling him only Simaõ Vaz.

This discovery by Faria e Sousa was not, when imparted, considered conclusive; by some it was urged that the vicissitudes in the life of Camoens previous to his departure for India must have required a longer period, than from

1524 to 1553; whilst others asserted that the certificates produced were satisfactory evidence in support of that period as the date of his birth. Machado contents himself with stating merely, that from the list, it appeared he was twenty-five years of age.* With those, who consider the entries given by Faria e Sousa satisfactory, is Dom Joze Maria de Souza: he, however, infers from them, that Camoens must have been born in 1525, if he was twenty-five years of age in 1550; and that his father was absent, or probably dead in 1552. It is not possible, at this day, to account for the reasons which might incline Faria e Sousa to state the year 1524, or which have induced subsequent biographers to follow him in assigning this date for the birth of the poet. They may have considered that Camoens would not be described as twenty-five years old, until he had completed his twenty-fifth, and entered into the twenty-sixth year of his age; and that, as it

* Por constar da Lista das pessoas que passaraõ militar na India em o anno de 1550. Contar 25 annos de idade Luis de Camoens quando se alistou para esta jornada. Tom. iii. p. 70.

was more than likely that some time had elapsed over such completion when the entry was made, it was therefore fair to place the period of his birth within the year 1524.

The pretensions of Coimbra to the honour of having given birth to the poet rested chiefly upon the fact of his ancestors* having resided in that flourishing city, which at the time was frequently visited by the court; and upon the seeming delight with which Camoens so often mentions the river Mondego, the ornament of Coimbra and its neighbourhood. These pretensions are not borne out by the passages alluded to, for in them he never applies the term "paternal" to it, which he uses when writing of the Tagus. His affection, however, for the Mondego is sufficiently shewn, and he celebrates it with the ardour which his mind had imbibed as a school-boy, when, pursuing his studies, he passed his early years (the only ones which afforded him any happiness or pleasure) upon its banks, and amidst the beautiful scenery which surrounded him. The circum-

* The tomb in the Church of Coimbra to the memory of Ioaõ Vaz de Camoens has been mentioned.

stance, if correct, which I believe has been related for the first time in the life of Camoens given in a modern publication,* of his relative D. Bento de Camoens, First General of the Order of Conegos Regrantes, or Regular Canons, and principal Chancellor of the University there, being a native of Coimbra, may have afforded formerly considerable grounds for the supposition that the birth of the poet took place in that city.

Santarem, and other Towns, have laid claim to this honour; the first being the native place of Anna de Sâ e Macedo, the mother of the poet, and being also the place in which, when banished from Lisbon, he passed the tedious hours of his weary exile. By the supporters of the pretensions of Santarem, and amongst others by Faria e Sousa, it was contended that the epithet "paternal" used by Camoens in writing of the Tagus, applied equally to Santarem and to Lisbon, both towns being situated on that river. This ground Faria e Sousa afterwards abandoned, and joined in giving to

* Retratos, e Bustos dos Var. e Don. que illustr. a naç. Portug. Lisbon 1806.

Lisbon the honour of having produced the poet. The strongest objection which could be made, if such were needful after what has been written concerning this event, against the claim of Santarem, might be furnished by the works of Camoens himself. In the Elegy which he wrote on his banishment, when comparing his fate to that of the poet Ovid, he states that like him he was an exile. As the place of his exile was known to be Santarem, and the city he was to leave was acknowledged to be Lisbon, the conclusion to be drawn is, that the latter was the place of his birth.

The abettors of the claim of Alenquer had very futile grounds for giving to it their support. This claim was founded merely upon an expression of Camoens, in a sonnet which he wrote in the Indian Seas, and which commences—

" No mundo poucos annos e cansados," &c.

In this sonnet is the following passage:—

Criou-me Portugal, na verde e chara
" Patria minha Alenquer."

Camoens evidently wrote this sonnet to the memory of some soldier, who died probably either from the effects of the climate, or by accident, when accompanying the armada which sailed from Goa for the Red Sea. In this composition the poet makes the deceased relate his misfortunes, and lament that his death should take place so far distant from his country, to which he was attached. Some of the Commentators on the Rimas of Camoens have stated their opinion, that the sonnet had reference to the punishment of death, by drowning, inflicted upon a soldier named Ruy Diaz, by Affonso d'Albuquerque, for having seduced one of his slaves. Dom Jozé Maria de Souza writes, that it was composed on the death of a soldier then navigating the Red Sea, but did not allude to the misfortune of Ruy Diaz.

Lord Strangford has translated this sonnet, and in a note, certainly entertains the idea, that in it the poet refers to his own sufferings. His lordship considered the expression

" *Me fez manjar de peixes* em ti bruto
" Mar, que bates a Abasia fera, e avara,"

(made me food for fishes) as not very graceful; and accordingly changed it "*to combat* "*perils strange.*"

Faria e Sousa, however, quotes similar expressions in Ovid and Tasso; and Camoens himself, in Canto iv. st. 90. has—

"Onde seja de peixes mantimento."

In the following passages, amongst many others, Camoens particularly celebrates the River, which ran past his native City:—

E vós, *Tagides Minhas*, pois creado
Tendes em mi hum novo engenho ardente;
Se sempre em verso humilde celebrado
Foi de mi vosso rio alegremente;
Dai-me agora hum som alto, e sublimado;
Hum estylo grandiloquo, e corrente;

Lusiad. Canto I. st. 4.

And you, fair *Nymphs of Tagus, parent stream!*
If e'er your meadows were my pastoral theme,
While you have listened, and by moonshine seen
My footsteps wander o'er your banks of Green,
O come auspicious, and the song inspire.

Mickle.

Poem tu, Nympha, em effeito meu desejo,
Como merece a gente Lusitana;
Que veja e saiba o mundo que *do Tejo*
O licor de Aganippe corre, e mana.
Deixa as flores de Pindo, que já vejo
Banhar-me Apollo na agua soberana;
Senão direi, que tens algum receio,
Que se escureça o teu querido Orpheio.

Lusiad. Cant. III. st. 2.

Then aid, O fairest Nymph, my fond desire,
And give my verse the Lusian warlike fire:
Fired by the song, the listening world shall know
That Aganippe's streams from *Tagus* flow.
Oh, let no more the flowers of Pindus shine
On thy fair breast, or round thy temples twine:
On Tago's banks a richer chaplet blows,
And with the tuneful God my bosom glows.
I feel, I feel the mighty power infuse,
And bathe my spirit in Aonian dews.

Mickle.

..... mas o cego
Eu! que cometto insano, e temerario,
Sem vós, *Nymphas do Tejo*, e do Mondego.

Lusiad. Canto VII. st. 78.

..... But I, fond man .....
Where would I speed, as mad'ning in a dream,
Without your aid, *ye Nymphs of Tago's stream!*
Or yours, ye Dryads of Mondego's bowers.

Mickle.

Neither Severim de Faria, nor Faria e Sousa, gives us any information respecting Camoens, from the period of his birth until he was sent to the University of Coimbra; nor has the time at which he arrived in that city been ascertained. It has however been generally supposed, and has been stated by modern biographers of the poet to have taken place when he was twelve years old. I regard this date as rather too remote; because, if the circumstances be correct that the University was only removed to Coimbra, and finally re-established there in 1537; allowing him to have been one of the earliest students, he would be in his fourteenth year; which period I would prefer to assign for his becoming a member.

The University of Coimbra was founded during the reign of the King Dom Diniz; a patron of learning, and a vernacular poet. The life of this Monarch was truly dedicated to the welfare of his kingdom, and to the people over whom he was ordained to rule; yet amidst the duties which this solicitude imposed upon him, he managed his arrangements so admirably, as to have time to cultivate poetry, and

to instil into his subjects, that love of learning and science of which he was himself a devoted admirer. So far back as the year 1288, he had assembled, at Montemór o Novo, the heads of the principal Monasteries and Churches in the Kingdom, in order to apply to Pope Nicholas IV. for a special grant for an University in Portugal.* The application was attended to; in the year 1290, a Bull was published for its establishment in Lisbon, and ample privileges were conceded to it.

The object of Diniz, in instituting in Portugal a fixed seat of learning, was to remedy the inconvenience which its natives experienced in travelling, to learn from strangers that, in which they might be instructed at home.

The University had been established in Lisbon eighteen years, when Diniz, representing to Clement V. the numerous disagreements and quarrels which arose between the inhabitants and the scholars, suggested that the city of Coimbra, from its delightful situation, and the

* The representation made by the Abbot of Alcobaça the Prior of Santa Cruz, and many other Ecclesiastics, is given in the Monarchia Lusitana, part V. no append. Escrit xxi.

luxuriance of its neighbourhood, from whence abundant supplies could be drawn, as also from its being in the centre of the kingdom, presented a preferable place for the seat of the University. Clement readily admitted that the suggestion of Diniz was correctly founded, and ordered the publication of a Bull, on the twenty-sixth day of February, 1308, to carry it into effect; at the same time appropriating, for the support of the University and its professors, the emoluments of six churches which he suppressed.*

Civil and ecclesiastical Law, Logic, Grammar, Medicine, and Music, had been taught the students at Lisbon. Religion was confined to the care of the Convents, into which scholars were taken to be instructed. The Hebrew and Greek Languages and Mathematics had not as yet been introduced amongst the studies of the University.

The character of Diniz is dwelt upon with gratitude by Camoens, who probably composed the following tribute to his memory, with

* Cunha Hist. Eccles. de Lisboa, quoted by Castro in the Mappa de Portugal.

a thankful recollection of the services which the monarch had rendered to the cause of literature; not only by his individual merit as an author, but also by the assiduity which he had shewn, in rewarding liberally able masters in the various departments of science, which were immediately the objects of study in the University:—

Eis despois vem Diniz, que bem parece
Do bravo Afonso estirpe nobre e dina;
Com quem a fama grande se escurece
Da liberalidade Alexandrina.
Com este o Reino prospero florece,
(Alcançada já a paz aurea divina)
Em constituiçoēs, leis, e costumes,
Na terra já tranquilla claros lumes.

Fez primeiro em Coimbra exercitar-se
O valeroso officio de Minerva;
E de Helicona as Musas fez passar-se
A pizar de Mondego a fertil herva.
Quanto pode de Athenas desejar-se,
Tudo o soberbo Apollo aqui reserva:
Aqui as capellas dá tecidas de ouro,
Do baccharo, e do sempre verde louro.

Lusiad, Canto III. st. 95, 97.

..... Now brave Diniz reigns, whose noble fire
Bespoke the genuine lineage of his sire.

Now heavenly peace wide wav'd her olive bough,
Each vale display'd the labours of the plough,
And smil'd with joy: the rocks on every shore
Resound the dashing of the merchant-oar.
Wise laws are formed and constitutions weigh'd,
And the deep-rooted base of Empire laid.
Not Ammon's son with larger heart bestow'd,
Nor such the grace to him the Muses ow'd.
From Helicon the Muses wing their way;
Mondego's flow'ry banks invite their stay.
Now Coimbra shines Minerva's proud abode;
And, fir'd with joy, Parnassus' bloomy God
Beholds another dear-lov'd Athens rise,
And spread her laurels in indulgent skies."

Mickle.

In the year 1338, Dom Affonso IV. resolving to hold his Court at Coimbra, directed that the establishment should be removed to Lisbon, in order that the affairs of the state, and those attendant on the court, might not interfere with the studies of the scholars.* The business of the University was transacted at Lisbon until 1354, when, by order of the same king, it was again settled at Coimbra.

* Leit. Ferr. na Notic. Chronolog. da Univ. quoted by Castro in the Mappa de Portugal.

Under the Reign of Dom Fernando, and in the year 1377, another change took place, in consequence of the refusal to give lectures at Coimbra by some of the Masters, who, at the request of the King, had visited Portugal. The University, therefore, continued at Lisbon for a considerable time, and enjoyed various privileges granted to it by the Monarch. A visible decline now became apparent, caused by the funds appropriated for the professors being inadequate to the support of such scholars as were properly qualified to hold these situations, and which, in consequence of such inadequateness, were filled by persons of minor consideration and talent. The scholars, disgusted with the proceedings, withdrew; and the University gradually sunk into disrepute from 1440 until 1480.*

On the succession of Dom Manoel, in 1495, the ruined state of the University was immediately taken into consideration; and several statutes were, in the following year, enacted for its government; new schools were erected;

* Joao de Barros na Descrip. do Minho, quoted by Castro.

and the number of Professors increased.* It was reserved, however, for Dom Ioaõ III. who, on the death of Manoel, ascended the Portuguese throne, to raise it to an enviable state of splendour and excellence.

Ioaõ, following the example of Diniz, no sooner attained the regal power, than he set about the restoration of this celebrated seat of learning. Convinced that Coimbra was preferable in every respect to Lisbon, he broke up the establishment in the latter, and transferred it to the former City. In order to secure its prosperity, and viewing prospectively as well as immediately the advantages to be derived from its success, he founded several new Colleges; and, at his own expence, invited the most able Professors and Masters, native and foreign, which Europe could then furnish, for its complete re-establishment.†

* Goes Chronic. del Rey D. Manoel.

† Of the exertions of Ioaõ III. Clenardus thus wrote :—

Omitto reliqua, quo properemus Conimbricam, ubi Rex novam tum moliebatur Academiam. Hic opus est multis laudibus, quando sese ipsa in dies, magis ac magis commendat . . . E' quibus auspiciis, si fas est divinare—florentissima erit Conimbrica linguarum studiis.

Clen. apud Notit. Chronol. num. 1166, *quoted by Castro.*

The endeavours of Ioaõ to ensure the prosperity of the University, and his having instituted the new Colleges, have inclined some writers to style him its founder; and to state, that previous to his reign, Coimbra possessed only public schools. The assertion of this opinion has induced me to enter more minutely into its history than might perhaps otherwise have been deemed necessary. The absolute expressions in the Chronicle of Dom Diniz, and those used by Ioaõ Bautisto de Castro, added to the authority of the writers which he quotes in their support, will, it is imagined, be accounted sufficient to restore that honour to Dom Diniz.

Although the University received a considerable acquisition of knowledge by the arrival of André de Gouvea, and of those scholars,* who, in 1547, accompanied him, by the request of Ioaõ, at a period when the studies of Camoens were, if not entirely, yet nearly completed; his writings testify the progress which he made under the care and instructions of those pro-

* Buchanan was one of the literary characters who visited Portugal with Gouvea.

fessors and scholars, which the munificence of the Monarch had provided immediately on its restoration.

He paid marked attention to acquaint himself thoroughly with the Latin Language; and read with great diligence the best authors, from whose works he acquired a fund of learning, as well historical as mythological, by which he afterwards profited. He was also carefully instructed in Modern History, especially in that of his own country, Philosophy and Polite Literature; and it was at Coimbra that his Muse first evinced to those, who viewed his productions with a steady judgment, the promise of great poetical attainment.

To write elegantly in Latin was, at this period, esteemed by the University, and by the whole literary world, one of the most desirable accomplishments; and the memory of Camoens ought to be fondly cherished by Portugal, from the circumstance of his departure from this general prejudice, in which he was followed by Antonio Ferreira.

The first poet of any consideration, who broke through this practice, was Francisco de

Sá de Miranda. He preceded Camoens about thirty years, and rendered great service to his country by purifying and fixing its language. Francisco Dias, in his Analysis of the Portuguese Language, thus writes of him:—"When "I entered upon this composition, I judged "that I ought to fix some point from whence "to deduce this Analysis, and that Sá de Mi-"randa should undoubtedly form that point, "being the real founder of Portuguese Poet-"ry."* The language up to that time had been rude and uncultivated, the necessity of refinement being superseded by the prevailing practice of the times, the Latin being considered the language of poetry in Portugal. This custom he opposed and overcame. Without any other assistance than the models of the Italian metres, he extended the field of, and gave new laws to Portuguese Poetry. Miguel Leite Ferreira observes, in the preface to his father's poems:—"With the singular softness "of his verses, he began to expose the neg-"ligence of past ages; and to shew, that

* Memorias de Lit. Portug. pela Acad. Real de Lisb. 4to. 1793.

" the language was sufficiently harmonious." And he afterwards adds: " by which example " my father, then a student, endeavoured in " the variety of his compositions, to manifest " that the Portuguese language was not infe- " rior to any other, either in copiousness of " diction or gravity of style."*

Sá de Miranda, to whom Portugal was so much indebted, was born at Coimbra in 1495; and, having made rapid progress in his early years, directed his attention to the study of the Law, less from any predilection which he felt for that study, than in obedience to the wishes of the king; and in compliance with the inclination of his father, who had chosen that profession, and to whose will he paid the strictest deference.

His assiduity was rewarded with merited success. He left the University, and, taking the degree of Doctor, commenced Lecturer. The death of his father, however, closed his legal career; for, on this event happening, he discontinued his lectures; refused the office of

* Obras de Ferreira. 4to. 1598.

Desembargador, which was several times offered to him; and devoted himself entirely to the study of Philosophy. For the better cultivation of this science, he resolved to travel, and set out for Italy, visiting in his ronte the most celebrated places in Spain. Having viewed with an observing discrimination, and lingered, with the tardy step of an enquiring and attentive traveller, in the cities of Rome, Venice, Naples, Milan, and Florence, and in the Island of Sicily, he returned to Portugal, and resided for some time in the Court, where his engaging manners and poetical talent obtained for him the particular notice of Ioaõ III. and of the Prince Dom Ioaõ.

He was, by the king's liberality, Commendator of the Benefice named The two Churches of the Order of Christ, in the Archbishopric of Braga. His hopes of further advancement were, however, blasted by the influence of a person of rank, to whom an ambiguous expression introduced into an Eclogue was displeasing, and of which he refused to give any explanation. He therefore retired to his country residence, the Quinta da Tapada, near

Ponte de Lima, forsaking the luxuries of the court; the converse of his friends; together with the preferment, of which, from his princely benefactors, he had reason to entertain hopes.

Enjoying in quiet the fruits of his studies, and removed from insult, he passed the remainder of his life in this delightful retirement. The following singular circumstance is recorded as having preceded his marriage with Dona Briolanja de Azevedo, of whom Machado writes, that nature had liberally endowed her with discretion, but had denied her the gift of personal charms. The father of Dona Briolanja was dead, and the overtures for the marriage were made by Sá de Miranda to her brothers; who, aware that their sister had neither beauty nor youth to attract his attention, refused to complete any contract until he should have been introduced to his intended bride. An interview was accordingly arranged, and the first salutation which he made use of was, "Chastise me, Lady! with this staff, "for having come so late."* Her amiable

* Castigay-me, Senhora, com esse bordaõ, porque vim taõ tarde.

mind, however, fully compensated for her defect in personal beauty.

Dona Briolanja died in 1555, and so much had her attentions to his habits and comforts, and her care of his children endeared her to her husband, that, sorrowing, he only survived her for three years. Relinquishing all his former pursuits, he never quitted his house, except to hear mass at a neighbouring convent; never shaved his beard; never paired his nails; never answered the letters of his friends; and only composed the following sonnet to commemorate the mournful occasion:—

Aquelle Espirito já tambem pagado
Como elle merecia, claro, e puro,
Deixou de boa vontade o valle escuro,
De tudo o que cá vio como anojado.

Aquelle sprito que do mar irado
Desta vida mortal posto em seguro,
Da gloria que lá tem de herdade, e juro,
Cá nos deixou o caminho abalisado.

Alma aqui vinda nesta nossa idade
De ferro, que tornaste a antiga d'ouro
Em quanto cá regeste a humanidade,

Em chegando ajuntaste tal thesouro,
Que para sempre dura, ah vaydade!
Ricas areas deste Tejo, e Douro!*

Sá de Miranda is represented to have been strong, though not tall; his countenance is said to have been pale; his hair black; his beard long; his nose prominent; his deport-

* From the latter part of this sonnet we may infer, that virtuous actions, and not extensive wealth, were the characteristics of that period, denominated by the ancients, the Golden Age; and that, in the opinion of Sá de Miranda, while the cities of Lisbon and Oporto, from their commercial intercourse, were the seats of opulence and luxury, it was not likely that the golden age would be restored in Portugal. The commencement of the sonnet where he alludes to the virtues of his wife is very pathetic, especially if we consider the circumstances under which it was written :—

That spirit pure, in realms above now paid
For all the good by it on earth display'd,
Contented journey'd from this vale of woe,
As if 'twere weary grown of scenes below.

Through life's vex'd sea, its course perform'd, at last
That gentle mind an harbour safe hath gain'd;
And left to us the rout by which it past
To that pure glory it of right obtain'd.

ment grave. He was free in conversation, placid, and of condescending manners: strongly attached to the chase of the wolf, and the game of draughts; but above all, he is asserted to have delighted in music; to have performed on the guitar, and, when even his funds were low, to have entertained masters to instruct his son Jeronymo in the art. He died at the age of sixty-three, and was buried near to his wife, in the church of Sam Martinho de Carrazedo.

Sá de Miranda had two sons; the elder of these was sent when a boy, to Africa, whither most of the Portuguese youth resorted to commence their military career. Here, having arrived at considerable rank, he fell by the side of Dom Antonio de Noronha, the friend of Camoens. The virtuous qualities which this youth possessed, and the great expectations which his father anticipated from his excellent conduct, made him feel very sensibly his loss. The poet Antonio Ferreira addressed a letter to the disconsolate par ɑt, couched in terms so appropriate, that Sá de Miranda dedicated to him the Elegy, which he composed on the death of his son; wherein, thanking him for his kindness, he says—

È mais em tal sasaõ, tempo taõ avaro
De louvores alheios, em tal dano
Dos engenhos, que se alhaõ sem emparo, &c.

Jeronymo, his other son, married a lady of good family, and a daughter, the issue of this marriage, became the wife of Dom Fernando Cores de Sotomayor, who received with her, as her marriage dowry, the original manuscript of her grandfather's poems.*

The successor of Sá de Miranda, in the

* The works of Sá de Miranda consíst of Sonnets, Elegíes, Redondilhas, and two Comedies, "Os Estrangeiros" and "Os Vilhalpandos." Machado, on the authority of Montfaucon, writes, that the original MS. was then preserved in the Royal Library at Paris. The works were first printed at Lisbon, by Manoel de Lyra, in 4to. 1595; afterwards in Lisbon, by Vicente Alvares, in 4to. 1614; an edition which was improved by a reference to the original, then in the possession of Sotomayor; again in Lisbon, by Pedro Craesbeeck, 32mo. 1632; again, by Antonio Leyte Pereira, in 8vo. 1677. The Comedy of "Os Vilhalpandos" was first printed at Coimbra, by Antonio de Mariz, in 12mo. 1560. The Comedy of "Os Estrangeiros" was also first printed at Coimbra, by Ioaõ de Barreira, in 8vo. 1569. The Comedies were thus printed by order of the Cardinal D. Henrique, before whom they were, by his own desire, frequently acted. An edition of all the works appeared at Lisbon, in 2 vols. 8vo. in 1784.

same commendable path of enriching the language of his country, was Antonio Ferreira, another distinguished Portuguese poet. Ferreira was born at Lisbon in 1528, and was the son of Martim Ferreira, a Knight of the Order of Santiago, and auditor of accounts to Dom Jorge, Duke of Coimbra, and of Mexia Froes Varella, who gave to their children that education which their birth demanded. Froes followed the profession of arms, while Antonio entered upon those studies which afterwards conduced so much to his own advantage, and to the honour of Portugal.

He was placed at the University of Coimbra under the immediate care of Diogo de Teive, the friend of Buchanan, who is so feelingly alluded to in an Elegy composed by that writer, and addressed, while its author was oppressed with an attack of the gout, about the year 1544, to Teive, and another of his colleagues.

> ..... tuque
> Altera pars animæ, Tevi Jacobe, meæ.

Ferreira, under this master, who filled the second chair of philosophy, studied the His-

tories of Antiquity, and read the works of the Greek and Roman poets. The writings of Horace so particularly attracted his attention, as to induce him to become a close imitator of his style. His progress was rapid, and his gratitude to his tutor never deserted him; on the contrary, he has frequently mentioned him in terms equally honourable to the master and the scholar.*

Diogo Bernardes has, in his Elegy on the death of Ferreira, alluded to his merits in opposing the custom of writing in Latin. He says, that he presented to his country "many "beautiful verses, and all in its proper lan- "guage."

> A patria tantos verses raros,
> Hum so nunca lhe deo em lingua alheia.

This novel method of writing, on the part of Ferreira, soon gained him the esteem of Sá de Miranda, whose example he had followed. Not content, however, with only treading in the steps of Miranda, Ferreira forcibly recommend-

* Eclogue V. Letter V. Book II.

ed the practice;* and, in a letter to Caminha, a contemporary poet, he thus describes the Portuguese language:—

> Floreça, fale, cante, ouça-se, e viva
> A Portugueza lingua, e já onde for
> Senhora vá de si soberba, e altiva.
> Se téqui esteve baixa, e sem louvor,
> Culpa he dos que a mal exercitaraõ:
> Esquecimento nosso, e desamor.

Warmed with the praiseworthy design of ennobling, by his compositions, his national language, he eagerly pursued his inclination: a feeling, which he cherished from his earliest years, and from which he received the purest delight. In the epigram, which is given as the preface to the first part of his verses, he thus expresses himself:—

> " Eu desta gloria só fico contente,
> " Que a minha terra amei, e a minha gente."

* Sonnet xxxii. Book ii.—Ode i. Book i. wherein he exhorts the Portuguese Poets to cultivate their own language—Letter iii. Book i. to Pero de Andrade Caminha—Letter x. Book ii. to D. Simaõ da Silveira.

By an epitaph, which is preserved by Fr. Manoel de Sá,* it is ascertained that Ferreira was a professor at the University of Coimbra; from whence he went to Lisbon to enter upon the office of "Desembargador na Relaçaõ."

He had previously taken the degree of Doctor of Civil Law; and, after this event, received repeated marks of patronage, and was appointed a Fidalgo of the Royal Household.

Although his services to the king prevented him from giving that attention to the Muses, which he would otherwise have done, he never deserted them; many of his letters are dated from Lisbon, and were most probably written after his advancement; particularly that, which he addressed to the Cardinal Dom Henrique, then Regent of the Kingdom, in praise of Literature.†

Ferreira had married previous to his leaving Coimbra; and he paints, in glowing colours, in a letter, written to his friend Manoel de

* Memorias da Provincia do Carmo de Portugal. Livr. ii. Cap. xi. p. 253.

† Obras de Ferreira. Tom. ii. p. 67.

Sampayo, before he commenced his journey, the lovely retirement of that city; and his preference of quiet enjoyment, in the country, at a distance from court, to the honours which awaited him. From this marriage sprung one son, Miguel Leite Ferreira, the editor of his father's works; whose tender age at Ferreira's death, precluded him from receiving the attentions, or knowing the virtues of such a parent.

If the writings of men are the testimonies of their feelings, none represent their author more faithfully than those of Ferreira. His manners were such as a good disposition generally imbibes from cultivation of talent, and from literature. He was humane as a judge, yet unbiassed in the distribution of justice; and the friends of his youth were the friends of his whole life. Francisco de Sá de Menezes, Francisco de Sá de Miranda, and Diogo de Teive, were by him denominated his masters: and a perusal of his works will shew, that the first and best poets of the age were his intimates; and that Monarchs, Princes, and Nobles, were alike his patrons and his friends.

Enjoying the most marked distinctions and the highest reputation, he was cut off, by the plague, which raged in Lisbon in 1569, in the forty-first year of his age; an event universally regretted, but more particularly lamented by those who had partaken of his friendship. He was buried in the "Convento do Carmo" in Lisbon, where a monument was erected to his memory; to which memory the most gratifying and lasting honours have been paid. The Poets, who were his contemporaries, have mourned over his death in elegies and sonnets, while Historians and other writers have been loud and lavish in his praise.*

The writings of Antonio Ferreira consist of almost every species of minor poetical composition; Castro, a Tragedy; and two Comedies in prose. So early as his twenty-ninth year, he had corrected and arranged them for publication, and his first sonnet was to have been the preface to the volume. This collection did not contain all his works, many of them, and

* Antonio dos Reis no Enthusiasmo Poetico.—Nich. Antonio.—Severim de Faria Disc. da Ling. Port.—Machado na Biblioth. Lusit. &c. &c.

particularly his Tragedy, were the fruits of his maturer years. His works remained in MS. until 1598, when his son Miguel edited and published them at Lisbon, in a quarto volume.*

The greater part of the poems of Ferreira were composed in his youth, and among them, nearly all his sonnets, in many of which he directs his discourse to the Mondego. In these compositions we are shewn the attachments which engaged his youthful mind, and in which he was unfortunate. The object of his first passion, the stages of which may be traced from the earliest up to the forty-fifth sonnet, resided at Lisbon, and to her were addressed some of Ferreira's sweetest strains. Why this connection was broken off we are not informed; but it appears from the following

* Machado mentions a second part which remained in manuscript, and which was praised by Ant. de Sousa de Macedo in his "Lusit. Liberat." The edition of 1598 contained only his poetical works, and was printed at the press of Pedro Crasbeeck, at the expense of Estevan Lopez, with a dedication to Philip of Spain. The Comedies were published jointly with those of Sá de Miranda, in 4to. by Antonio Alvares, Lisbon, 1622.

sonnets that he had recovered that liberty, which he was soon again doomed to lose, and almost as soon to weep the death of the lady, who had ensnared his heart. This melancholy event forms the subject of nearly the whole of his second book of sonnets.

SONETO.

A ti torno, Mondego, claro rio,
Com outr' alma, outros olhos, e outra vida:
Que foy de tanta lagryma perdida,
Quanta em ti me levou hum desvario?
Quando eu co rosto descorado e frio
Soltava a voz chorosa, e nunca ouvida
Daquella mais que serra endurecida,
A cuja lembrança inda tremo, e esfrio.

Doc 'engano d'Amor! que m'escondia
Debaixo de vãs sombras, que passáram
Outro ditoso fim, qu' alma já via.
Já á minha noite amanheceo hum dia,
Já rim os olhos, que tanto choráram;
Já repouso em boa paz, boa alegria.

SONNET.

To thy bright streams, Mondego! I return
With renovated life, and eyes now clear;
How fruitless in thy waters fell the tear,
When Love's delirium did with me sojourn!

When I, with face betraying anguish deep,
Sent forth my sighs, which mourn'd a lot so drear.
And unsuspecting knew not of the steep,
Whereon I stood, of which my frame with fear
The mem'ry chills—Seducing wiles of love!
'neath what vain shadows did ye hide my fate—
Shadows that, clouding, pass'd the happier state,
Which now my breast enjoys—Now peace I prove,
For smiling day succeeds the glooms of night,
And sweet repose brings joy, and prospects bright.

SONETO.

O alma pura, em quanto cá vivias,
Alma lá onde vives já mais pura,
Porque me desprezaste? quem tam dura
Te tornou ao amor, que me devias?
Isto era, o que mil vezes promettias,
Em que minh' alma estava tam segura,
Que ambos juntos hũa hora desta escura
Noite nos soberia aos claros dias?
Como em tam triste carcer me deixaste?
Como pude eu sem mim deixar partir-te?
Como vive este corpo sem sua alma?
Ah que o caminho tu bem me mostraste,
Porque correste a gloriosa palma!
Triste de quem naõ mereceo seguir-te.*

The Eclogues of Ferreira, and his Comedy of Bristo, were also the productions of his ju-

* The Lady, whose fate is thus pathetically deplored, was

venile years, while he yet wandered along the banks of the Mondego.

Sá de Miranda had introduced the sonnet on the Italian model, the elegy and Horatian epistle; and to these were added, the epigram, ode, and epithalamium, by Ferreira. The Comedies of "Bristo," and "O Cioso," or the Jealous Man, are written with ability, if we look to the period at which they were composed; but it is upon his Tragedy, detailing the story of the beautiful and unfortunate Dona Ignes de Castro, that the fame of Ferreira principally rests. The "Castro" of Ferreira shews the attention which its author had paid to the rules of the Grecian writers in this department of literature. He is said to have taken Trissino for his model, whose Sofonisba was the first Tragedy of modern times; and on this production, which is called the second modern Tragedy, Diogo Bernardes wrote a beautiful sonnet, to which Ferreira made a suitable reply.*

named Maria Pimentel. She was a native of Oporto, as Ferreira, in his sonnet 52, composed in that City, informs us.

* An enlarged and improved edition of the works of Ferreira, issued from the press at the expence of Du Beux, in

It has been urged by some writers, that, even from the period of his being at the University of Coimbra, that neglect of his countrymen, which was apparent during great part of the life of Camoens, had its commencement. It has also been remarked that his productions, when at Coimbra, did not gain for him the notice of several distinguished persons, who were students there, and whose writings have since appeared; amongst whom the name of Ferreira has been particularly mentioned. This seeming neglect has been partly accounted for by the same writers, who conjecture that the persons alluded to, and who were united in one common and laudable pursuit after classical correctness, evinced but little of that fire which characterises Camoens.* The time when Camoens arrived at the University has been shewn to have been in 1537 or in 1538; and, upon referring to the account transmitted to us respecting Ferreira, we find that poet was not

Lisbon, in 1771, in 2 vols. 8vo. To this edition is prefixed, a life, from which the principal information contained in the foregoing sketch has been obtained.

* Bouterwek. Gen. Hist. of Poetry.

born until 1528, and that he was four years younger than Camoens. Hence it is probable, that Ferreira might not enter the University at so early a period in life as Camoens; and, being at all events four years his junior, little, if any, knowledge of each other might have existed at the time. It may also be remarked, in support of this supposition, that the students resident at Coimbra were numerous; and we find further, that Ferreira died at the early age of 41, in 1569, in the year in which Camoens returned from India, and before the publication of the Lusiad.

Camoens makes repeated mention of his residence at Coimbra, in terms, which decidedly mark his attachment to the place, and the pleasure he experienced during his sojourn there. In the following song, which gives a specimen of his earliest compositions, he pictures as well the sweet retirement of the Mondego, which flows past Coimbra, as the remembrance of some real or fancied attachment which had engaged his attention there:—

Vaõ as serenas agoas
Do Mondego descendo,
E mansamente até o mar naõ param:
Por onde as minhas mágoas
Pouco a pouco crescendo,
Para nunca acabar se começáram.
Alli se me mostráram
Neste lugar ameno,
Em que inda agora mouro,
Testa de neve, e de ouro;
Riso brando, e suave; olhar sereno;
Hum gesto delicado,
Que sempre na alma me estará pintado.

Soft from its crystal bed of rest
Mondego's tranquil waters glide;
Nor stop, till lost on Ocean's breast,
They, swelling, mingle with the tide.
Encreasing still—as still they flow,
Ah! there commenc'd my endless woe.

There Beauty shew'd, with angel mein,
Whate'er is Beauty's loveliest mould,
Th' enchanting smile—the brow serene—
And ivory forehead wreath'd with gold.
A countenance, which Love's soft art
Has grav'n for ever on my heart.

Nesta florida terra,
Leda, fresca, e serena,
Ledo, e contente para mi vivia;
Em paz com minha guerra,
Glorioso co' a pena
Que de taõ bellos olhos procedia.
De hum dia em outro dia,
O esperar me enganava.
Tempo longo passei:
Com a vida folguei,
Só porque em bem tamanho se empregava.
Mas que me presta já,
Que taõ formosos olhos naõ os ha?

Content and glorious with the pain
That shot from Beauty's radiant eyes,
From day to day I hugged my chain,
And play'd with life amidst my sighs:—
E'en with my fervent war at peace,
Nor bade the dear illusions cease.

Tho' still those beaming orbs unclose,
For me their fires no longer shine:
Can those avail to soothe my woes;
If these bright beams no more are mine?
For radiant howsoe'er they be—
Alas! they are not bright for me.

Oh quem me alli dissera!
Que de amor taõ profundo
O fim pudesse ver eu algum' hora!
E quem cuidar pudera,
Que houvesse ahi no mundo
Apartar-me eu de vós, minha Senhora!
Para que desde agora,
Já perdida a esperança,
Visse o vão pensamento,
Desfeito em hum momento,
Sem me poder ficar mais que a lembrança,
Que sempre estará firme
Até no derradeiro despedir-me.

Ah! who might guess of Love so deep
I ere th' unfathom'd end should see?
Or dare to tell that aught would keep
My separated soul from Thee?—
That, lost to Hope, alone survives
The cherish'd joy Remembrance gives.

Ah! who might say the glorious thought
Should, in a moment, cease to heave
This breast, with fond endearment fraught;
And Hope itself no more deceive?
Yet Memory still recalls thy pow'r;
And shall, till Life's receding hour.

Mas a mór alegria
Que de aqui levar posso,
E com que defender-me triste espero;
He que nunca sentia,
No tempo que fui vosso,
Quererdes-me vós quanto vos eu quero.
Porque o tormento fero
De vosso apartamento,
Naõ vos dará tal pena
Como a que me condena:
Que mais sentirei vosso sentimento
Que o que a minha alma sente.
Morra eu, Senhora; o vós ficai contente.

Yet softly steals to soothe my grief
The thought that cheats me into bliss,
And gives me yet a faint relief
'Midst all my bosom's wretchedness—
That in our happier hours, you prov'd
You ne'er could love as I have lov'd!

Thus shall the pangs of absence steal
O'er THEE, with half MY torturing woe;
But should'st THOU guess the pangs I feel,
Or should THY tear of anguish flow,
That tear would but my woes encrease,—
In death, alone I seek for peace.

Tu, Cançaõ, estarás
Agora acompanhando
Por estes campos estas claras agoas:
E por mi ficarás
Com choro suspirando;
Porque ao mundo, dizendo tantas magoas,
Como huma larga historia
Minhas lagrimas fiquem por memoria.

Yet whisper'd to the murmuring stream
That winds these flowery meads among,
I give affection's cheating dream,
And pour in weeping truth my song—
That each recounted woe may prove
A lasting monument of love.

C.

In a sonnet, which has been translated by Lord Strangford,* as one, to whom his residence near its banks had afforded delight, he thus takes leave of the Mondego:—

Doces, e claras aguas do Mondego,
Doce repouso de minha lembrança,
Onde a comprida, e perfida esperança,
Longo tempo apoz si me trouxe cego.

* Poems from the Portuguese of Camoens p. 94.

De vós me aparto, si; porém náo nego,
Que inda a longa memoria, que me alcança,
Me naõ deixa de vós fazer mudança,
Mas quanto mais me alongo mais me achego.
Bem poderá a fortuna este instrumento
Da alma levar por terra nova, e estranha,
Offerecida ao mar remoto, ao vento.
Mas a alma que de cá vos acompanha,
Nas azas do ligeiro pensamento
Para vós, aguas, vòa, e em vós se banha.

It may be seen, from the pieces which Camoens composed at the University, and from those, of which the dates of their having been written correspond with his immediate departure, how soon, and with what success he commenced his poetical career. Poetry, at that time, although esteemed in the schools, received much greater patronage from the courts; his acquirements, therefore, in that department of literature, became to Camõens an easy passport to that of Lisbon, where it was customary for the young nobility to pass some time previous to their entering upon the military profession.

I can find no further accounts of his Mother; and it therefore remains in doubt, whether she lived to see the progress which her son had

made in his studies, and to witness his return to Lisbon; or whether death, in pity, removed her, previous to the commencement of his misfortunes.

Camoens left the University, and proceeded to Lisbon, with every desirable qualification. His education had been carefully attended to; with the love of literature he possessed its distinguishing acquirements, and a high polish of manners. He was also noble, young, and handsome; with a heart alive to the softer impressions of our nature. These circumstances, together with his honourable extraction, secured to him on his arrival at the Court, and more particularly from its Ladies, extensive patronage and notice; and became a pleasing incitement to his genius. At this time several of his minor compositions were written; and it is more than probable that the Plan and Subject of his intended Poem, on which his literary character chiefly depends, occupied some part of his attention.

If Camoens must have been highly flattered by his reception at Lisbon; it was not long before an event occurred, from which, unem-

ployed as he was, and taken up chiefly with the pursuit of pleasure, he became convinced of the Impropriety of youth remaining without business, and the Evils resulting therefrom. A Lady, Dona Catharina de Atayde, to whom he breathed the sighs of a most attached and ardent lover, engaged now his undivided attention. Faria e Sousa endeavoured in vain to procure any information concerning her, further, than that she was "Dama do Palacio." The exertions of Dom Joze Maria de Souza have not been attended with better success; he informs us that he had made diligent search in the "Historia da Casa Real," to discover from which branch of the family she was descended; but that his labours had been altogether unsuccessful: he is, however, inclined to think that she was the kinswoman of D. Antonio de Atayde, the first Conde de Castanheira, and a powerful favourite of Ioaõ III.

Camoens has, in a sonnet, which is asserted by natives of Portugal, who are best able to decide upon its merits, to be a composition deserving the greatest praise, given us a picture of Dona Catharina's amiable mind and de-

meanour. A translation of this sonnet, with which the author of these memoirs has been favoured, is subjoined. Though this translation is, as he thinks, executed tastefully, yet it may be feared, from the difficulty in adapting to the English language the expressions contained in it, that it may not convey all the beauties of the original.

SONETO.

Hum mover de olhos, brando, e piedoso,
Sem ver de que; hum riso brando, e honesto,
Quasi forçado; hum doce e humilde gesto
De qualquer alegria duvidoso:

Hum despejo quieto, e vergonhoso;
Hum repouso gravissimo, e modesto;
Huma pura bondade, manifesto
Indicio da alma, limpo, e gracioso:

Hum encolhido ousar; huma brandura;
Hum medo sem ter culpa; hum ar sereno;
Hum longo e obediente soffrimento;
Esta foi a celeste formosura
Da minha Circe, e o magico veneno
Que pode transformar meu pensamento.

SONNET.

Her Eye's soft movement radiant, and benign
Yet with no casual glance;—her honest Smile
Cautious, tho' free;—her Gestures, that combine
Light mirth with modesty, as if the while
She stood all-trembling o'er some doubtful bliss;—
Her blithe Demeanour, her confiding Ease
Secure in grave and virgin bashfulness,
'Midst ev'ry gentler virtue form'd to please;—
Her purity of Soul; her innate Fear
Of error's stain;—her Temper mild, resign'd;—
Her Looks, obedience;—her unclouded Air,
The faithful index of a spotless mind;—
These form the Circe, who with magic art
Can fix, or change each purpose of my heart.

C.

Faria e Sousa was at one time induced, from some circumstances which had come to his knowledge, to suppose that D. Catharina might have been resident at Coimbra, at the time Camoens studied at the University; and that she might have been the person who was alluded to in the song,

"Vaõ as serenas agoas"

having been afterwards appointed a Lady of the Palace. He admits, however, that this was

mere supposition; that contradictory evidence was to be found against it in the works of the poet; and that a long examination of the Rimas had not enabled him to satisfy himself upon the point.

The same author expended much time and research in endeavouring to ascertain the period, when, according to a sonnet of Camoens, he became the decided admirer of this lady. The sonnet has been translated by Lord Strangford; and is the first in the collection published by his Lordship, who, in a note he has given, observes, that he had investigated the circumstances attending this meeting. The poem alluded to is the following:—

O Culto divinal se celebrava
No Templo donde toda Criatura
Louva o Feitor divino que a Feitura
Com seu Sagrado sangue restaurava.
Amor alli, que o tempo me aguardava,
Onde a vontade tinha mais segura,
Com huma rara e Angelica figura
A vista da razaõ me salteava.
Eu crendo que o lugar me defendia,
De seu livre costume naõ sabendo
Que nenhum confiado lhe fugia;

Deixei-me cativar; mas hoje vendo,
Senhora, que por vosso me queria,
Do tempo que fuy livre me arrependo.

It would appear, by the commentary on this sonnet, by Faria e Sousa, that he had gone into the investigation mentioned in Lord Strangford's note, and had given his reasons for fixing the 11th or 12th day of April, as the time when this event happened. It does not, however, appear, why the year 1542, a date so much earlier than Dom Joze Maria de Souza is inclined to allow for the arrival of Camoens in Lisbon, has been assigned. The latter biographer supposes, that the year 1545 was the most likely period for the departure of Camoens from the University. The investigation of Faria e Sousa commences with a quotation from the seventh Cançaõ of Camoens—

No Touro entrava Febo, e Progne vinha,
O corno de Acheloo Flora entornava;
Quando o Amor soltava
Os fios de Ouro, as tranças encrespadas
Ao doce vento esquivas—&c.

And, after various calculations, it is stated, that in the year 1542, the sun entered Taurus on

the tenth day of April, and that Easter Sunday being on the fourteenth day of the same month, Holy Thursday and Good Friday had fallen on the eleventh and twelfth.

The place at which this meeting occurred, has, by the biographers of Camoens, been asserted to be in the Church dedicated to "Christ's wounds," at Lisbon. The sonnet, however, does not allude to any particular situation, but rather to the time in the year; and the Passion of our Saviour would be, in those days, celebrated in every part of the kingdom of Portugal.

It has ever been a favourite plan with the writers of amatory poetry, to record the time and place of their meeting with the object of their first attachment. In his commentary on this sonnet Faria e Sousa notices its imitation of that of Petrarch, composed on a similar occasion—

> Era 'l giorno ch' al sol si scoloraro.
> Per la pietà del suo Fattore, i rai.
> Quand' i' fui preso, &c.

When with faint radiance shone the pitying sun,
Its Maker's cruel sufferings to survey;
Then, then you stole my heedless heart away.
Sonnets from Petrarch. London, 1808.

As also of a passage in Ariosto—

Né il di, né l'anno tacerò, né il loco
Dove io fui preso, &c.—havean le ruote preste,
Rifatto il giorno mille
E cinquecento e tredici fiate,
Sacro al Battista in mezzo de la state &c.

The event is recorded by Lope de Vega—

El culto celestial se celebrava
Del mayor Viernes en la Iglesia pia,
Quando por Laura Franco se encendia,
Y Liso por Natercia se inflamava.

The words Liso and Natercia are used for Lois and Caterina, as they are by Camoens himself in his sonnet commencing—

"Na metade do Ceo subido ardia."

That this attachment was reciprocal there is no reason to doubt, as also that the attentions paid by Camoens to their daughter were a source of uneasiness to the parents of Dona Catharina. Dom Joze Maria de Souza writes,

"although Camoens was her equal in birth, yet, as he wanted the favours of fortune, it may be conjectured the family of D. Catharina used every exertion to prevent an union, considered by them as disadvantageous. Representing, therefore, in the most serious light, an indiscretion, which might have been excused; they urged against it the force of those laws, which, at that time, were very severe upon any one who encouraged amours within the palace. For this reason, the only one of which we have any certain account, he was exiled from the Court to the Ribatejo." In the term Ribatejo, is implied, the country on the banks of the Tagus above Lisbon, and by using it, this author avoids any controversy as to Santarem being the place, to which Camoens repaired on receiving the order for his banishment.*

* In a note on his life of Camoens, D. Joze gives as his opinion, that Camoens alludes to his banishment in his thirteenth Cançaõ, which commences—

"Oh Pomar venturoso."

and, is inclined, notwithstanding, the family of his mother had been settled at Santarem, at which place probably some of her

The early biographers of Camoens have not left us any information as to the nature of this indiscretion. If his fate, therefore, resembled that of Ovid, the real and undiscovered cause of his exile bears an equal similitude to that of the Roman poet. The same silence is preserved by them with respect to any intervening circumstances between the sentence and its execution. The works of Camoens contain many passages which may be applied to the situation in which the bard was placed; but these, had there been any idea of their really recording what happened to Dona Cathari-

relations still resided; and the assertions of almost all his former biographers as to that place being the town to which he was banished, to be satisfied, that this exile was passed near to the river Zezere, which joins the Tagus at Punhete, a town situated higher up the Tagus than Santarem. The passage which induces this belief is—

Oh Pomar venturoso
* * * *
De teu formoso pezo
Se mostra o monte ledo,
E o caudalozo Zezere te estranha
Porque olhas com desprezo
Seu crystal puro e quedo,
Que c m Pera os tem pés rodea e banha.

na and Camoens, previous to his departure, would not, at the time when Severim de Faria and Faria e Sousa wrote, have escaped the notice of those investigators. In the absence of distinct information, Lord Strangford has rendered these passages subservient to his review of the life of Camoens; and by this means made a connected story. The poet is represented as having undergone a weary state of probation, and a tiresome courtship, and the reader is congratulated that these ceremonies are no longer required by the ladies; Camoens is said to have been honoured with the gift of a band which bound the hair of his mistress, in earnest of her future favours; an interview, which is stated to have taken place on the morning of his departure, is painted in glowing terms; and after a mutual confession of attachment, the poet is pictured as setting out for the place of his exile, comforted and assured of the affection of D. Catharina.*

* Faria e Sousa is quoted as the authority for these assertions; but on reference to his Commentaries on the sonnets translated by Lord Strangford, we find he does not state D. Catharina by name, as the lady to which they allude; but merely calls her "Su querida, his beloved."

Santarem has been admitted, by nearly all his biographers, to be the place for which Camoens departed from Lisbon, and the fact urged before, as to the family of his mother having resided there, has been deemed as nearly conclusive evidence. Here he wrote an Elegy, in which he laments this misfortune, similar to that which befel the poet Ovid; in several pathetic passages, drawing comparisons respecting their hapless fates, and invoking the Tagus, which flowed past his residence towards Lisbon, where the tender cause of his banishment dwelt, to convey with its stream his tears to the object of his attachment.

Nearly the whole of the Elegy composed by Camoens, when at the place of his exile, is here given, as it is consonant with the plan upon which this sketch of his life has been undertaken, to make the poet his own biographer; especially where there are sufficient grounds to ascertain, that the passages selected contain the relation of the events which happened.

ELEGIA.

O Sulmonense Ovidio desterrado
Na aspereza do Ponto, imaginando
Ver-se de seus Penates apartado:
Sua chara mulher desamparando,
Seus doces filhos, seu contentamento;
De sua Patria os olhos apartando:
Naõ podendo encobrir o sentimento,
Aos montes já, já aos rios se queixava
De seu escuro, e triste nascimento.
O curso das Estrellas contemplava,
E aquella ordem com que discorria
O Ceo, e o Ar, e a Terra adonde estava.

To rugged Pontus, when from cloudless skies
Sulmonian Ovid, banish'd, weeping turn'd;
His household Gods—Wife—Children—all the ties
Of sacred love, in parting grief he mourn'd.

With eye averted—on his country cast
No ling'ring look—but still in sadder strain
Gave his keen feelings as he wandering past
To rivers, mountains, and the cheerless plain.

He mark'd where nature in her glowing pride
O'er Earth—o'er Air, and all the star-gemm'd Sky,
Bade Order's laws around their course preside;
And own'd the universal harmony.

Os peixes por o mar nadando via,
As feras por o monte, procedendo
Com o seu natural lhes permittia.
De suas fontes via estar nascendo
Os saudosos rios de crystal,
A' sua natureza obedecendo.
Assi só de seu proprio natural
Apartado se via em terra estranha,
A cuja triste dor naõ acha igual.
Só sua doce Musa o acompanha,
Nos saudosos versos que escrevia,
E nos lamentos com que o campo banha.

The Fishes, sportive in the crystal wave
By instinct guided in their liquid way;
The Beasts, proceeding for their mountain cave,
Confess alike her great—her secret sway.

Saw murm'ring streamlets from their glitt'ring source
Pursue their path in tributary pride;
Saw them, obedient to their destin'd course,
Steal in soft splendour to the sparkling tide.

Himself he saw amidst the Exile's woe,
Th' unequal'd woe, that cannot find relief,
While o'er his verse, soft tears of sorrow flow;
His Muse alone companion of his grief.

Desta arte me figura phantasia,
A vida com quem morro, desterrado
Do bem que em outro tempo possuia.
Aqui contemplo o gosto já passado,
Que nunca passará por a memoria
De quem o traz na mente debuxado.
Aqui vejo caduca, e debil gloria
Desenganar meu erro co' a mudança
Que faz a fragil vida transitoria.
Aqui me representa esta lembrança
Quaõ pouca culpa tenho: me entristece
Ver sem razaõ o pena que me alcança.

Thus Fancy paints me—thus like him forlorn,
Condemn'd the hapless Exile's fate to prove;
In life-consuming pain thus doom'd to mourn
The loss of all I priz'd—of Her I love.

Yet fondly turning, in remember'd bliss
To joys by mem'ry graven on the heart;
I see how transient earthly happiness,
How weak is glory and how vain her art.

Reflexion paints me guiltless tho' oppress,
Increasing thus the sources of my woe,
The pang unmerited that rends the breast
But bids a tear of keener sorrow flow.

Que a pena que com a causa se padece,
A causa tira o sentimento della;
Mas muito doe a que se naõ merece.
Quando a roxa manhãa, dourada, e bella,
Abre as portas ao Sol, e cahe o orvalho,
E torna a seus queixumes Philomela;
Este cuidado que co' o somno atalho,
Em sonhos me parece, que o que a gente
Por seu descanso tem me dá trabalho.

If justly punish'd, then th'enduring mind
A chasten'd comfort from the Cause receives;
And Reason may a consolation find
Which undeserv'd affliction never gives.

What time the smiling morn brings on the day,
And wasting dewdrops vanish from the plain;
What time the Nightingale her weeping lay
In sadness pours, and tunes the love-lorn strain—

Midst broken slumbers, and delusion's pow'r,
With tenfold force my Sorrows all arise;
Steal from repose the transitory hour,
When others find a respite from their sighs.

E despois de acordado cegamente,
(Ou, por melhor dizer, desacordado,
Que pouco acordo logra hum descontente)
De aqui me vou, com passo carregado,
A hum outeiro erguido, e alli me assento,
Soltando toda a redea a meu cuidado.
Despois de farto já de meu tormento,
Estendo estes meus olhos saudosos
A' parte donde tinha o pensamento.
Naõ vejo senaõ montes pedregosos;
E sem graça, e sem flor, os campos vejo,
Que já floridos vira, e graciosos.

No mental joys the discontented prove,
When waking sense recals the hour of care;
Slow o'er some hill with lab'ring steps I rove,
And give my tortur'd bosom to despair.

Alas! not here my straining eye surveys
The hallow'd spot, from whence my sorrows flow;
Here nought in kind compassion meets my gaze,
But mountain heights, where flow'rs nor herbage grow.

Since my sad Exile, to my cheerless view
The fields no more are green, the flow'rets fair;
Ah! late I mark'd their rich luxuriant hue,
But Nature sheds no more gay blossoms there.

Vejo o puro, suave, e rico Tejo,
Com as concavas barcas, que nadando
Vaõ pondo em doce effeito o seu desejo.
Humas com brando vento navegando,
Outras com leves remos brandamente
As crystallinas aguas apartando.
De alli fallo com a agua que naõ sente,
Com cujo sentimento esta alma sai
Em lagrimas desfeita claramente.
O' fugitivas ondas, esperai;
Que pois me naõ levais em companhia,
Ao menos estas lagrimas levai.

On golden Tagus' undulating stream
Skim the light barks by gentlest wishes sped,
Trace their still way 'midst many a rosy gleam
That steals in blushes o'er its trembling bed.

I see them gay, in passing beauty, glide,
Some with fix'd sails to woo the tardy gale;
Whilst others with their oars that stream divide
To which I weeping tell THE EXILE'S tale.

Stay wand'ring waves, ye fugitives ah stay!
Or if without me, ye unpitying go;
At least my tears—my sighs—my vows convey.
Those faithful emblems of my cherish'd woe.

Até que venha aquelle alegre dia
Que eu vá onde vós ides, livre, e ledo.
Mas tanto tempo, quem o passaria?
Naõ póde tanto bem chegar taõ cedo:
Porque primeiro a vida acabará,
Que se acabe taõ aspero degredo.

Go then pursue in calm translucent grace,
Your unrestrain'd, tho' not unenvied way,
Till I like you regain that hallow'd place,
And hail the dawn of joy's returning day.

But ah! not soon shall that protracted hour,
To bless the Exile in his anguish, come;
Life may fulfil its transitory pow'r,
Ere happier destiny revoke my doom.

C.

A passage in a sonnet, written by Domingos dos Reis Quita, a good poet, and an amiable character, who died in the year 1770, bears a great resemblance to the appeal of Camoens to the waves of the Tagus.

Os suspiros, as lagrimas, que choro,
Levai, ondas; levai, ligeiro vento;
Para onde me levastes quem adoro.

Ye waves transport the tears, which now I weep,
Ye winds upon your breezes waft my sighs,
To where my long-lost hopes of comfort sleep,
Where ye have borne the soul of her I prize.

The restraint, which the mind of Camoens, fraught with enthusiasm, must have suffered from remaining in a state of exile, may be easily imagined; he bore up, however, against his misfortunes; and beguiled the tedious hours by composing verses, and by study. His comedies are supposed to have been written at this period, and the Lusiad to have engaged a share of his attention. Thus he remained, consuming his valuable time, until, roused by patriotic feelings, and despairing of establishing himself in Lisbon in the situation he wished, he resolved to become a soldier, and to try his fortune in the wars.

Faria e Sousa mentions, that he returned to Lisbon; was a second time discovered renewing his former indiscretion; again banished; and went to Ceuta. He, however, qualifies this statement by an explanation, that in his opinion, Camoens, seeing the impossibility of returning to the Court, enlarged his sentence

by voluntary exile. The story of his second banishment is not borne out by the authority of Severim de Faria, Machado, or any other of the older biographers of Camoens. Dom Joze Maria de Souza writes, that "not any information has reached us, as to the duration of "his exile; as to the time he returned to Lisbon, and embarked to serve in Africa; nor "even as to the reason for his second departure "from the Court. Perhaps, either out of delicacy to Dona Catharina, or for the purpose "of trying new vicissitudes, he took a resolution consonant to the bravery of his heart; "and entering on the military profession, wished, as a true knight, to partake of the glory "which the Portuguese at that time were acquiring in all parts of the world." Dom Joze then gives it as his opinion, that it was at this period he first entertained the idea of going to India, and took measures for that purpose in 1550; but that he was obliged to change this his intention, and to serve in Africa, either in pursuance of a new sentence of exile which had been passed, or for some other

cause with which we have not been made acquainted.

Camoens, at the time of his departure for Ceuta, had formed an intimacy with Dom Antonio de Noronha, who was also going to join the Portuguese forces in Africa. D. Antonio was the son of D. Francisco de Noronha, second Conde de Linhares; and the nephew of D. Pedro de Menezes, Captain General of Ceuta. He was a personage of high attainments, and a great admirer of the genius of Camoens: and the result of their meeting, was a strict and firm friendship, which was only dissolved by the death of Noronha. It is reported, that there was another reason besides their going on the same military service, and their congeniality, for this firm friendship which existed between D. Antonio and Camoens. The father of D. Antonio having discovered an attachment, of which he did not approve, between his son and Dona Margarita de Silva, the grand-daughter of the Conde de Abrantes, and a lady of great beauty, removed him to Ceuta. This circumstance rendered similar the fates of D. Antonio and Camoens,

who refers to this interference on the part of the father of D. Antonio in stanza 24 of the Eclogue, which he composed on the death of his friend.

Mas como este tormento o sinalou,
E tanto no seu rosto se mostrasse;
Entendendo-o já bem o Pay sesudo,
Porque do pensamento lho tirasse,
Longe da causa delle o apartou,
Porque, enfim, longa ausencia acaba tudo.*

But whilst his tell-tale cheek the cause betrays,
To him, who mark'd it with affection's eye;
And speaks in silence to a father's gaze
The fatal strength of love's resistless sigh;
Parental art resolv'd, alas! to prove
The stronger power of absence over love.

It was during his residence at Ceuta, that he wrote the Elegy, commencing—

Aquella que de amor descomedido.

* Camoens has used a similar expression, in describing the conduct of king Affonso IV. towards his son D. Pedro, on account of his attachment to Dona Iguez de Castro.

Vendo estas namoradas estranhezas
O velho pay sesudo, que respeyta, &c.

This is evident from various passages contained in it, but more particularly from the following:—

Ando gastando a vida trabalhosa,
E esparzindo a continua saudade,
Ao longo de huma praia saudosa.

And

E com isto figuro na lembrança
A nova terra, o novo trato humano
A estrangeira progenie, a estranhá usança.
Subo-me ao monte que Hercules Thebano
Do altissimo Calpe dividio,
Dando caminho ao mar Mediterrano.
De alli estou tanteando adonde vio
O pomar das Hesperidas matando
A serpe qué a seu passo resistio.
Estou-me em outra parte figurando
O poderoso Antheo, que derribado
Mais força se lhe vinha acrescentado.

wherein he alludes to Abyla, one of the pillars of Hercules, opposite to Gibraltar.

Dom Joze Maria de Souza quotes several expressions which are used by Camoens; and which, that author is inclined to suppose, indi-

cate, that the poet, although innocent, had been compelled to go to Africa. Amongst these the strongest is:—

> Oh graves, e insoffriveis accidentes
> De Fortuna, e de Amor! Que penitencia
> Taõ grave dais aos peitos innocentes!*

In his Cançaõ beginning—

> Vinde cá meu taõ certo Secretario,

wherein Camoens refers to the principal events of his life; his journey across the Streights of Gibraltar to Ceuta, and the wound which he received in a naval engagement with the

* The opinion of the biographers of the poet, that his father was present in the engagement wherein Camoens was wounded, has been already stated at page 15. It may not, however, be improper to mention in this place an additional remark, relating to the father of Camoens, which Faria e Sousa makes: "The narratives state, that the poet fought by "the side of his father; and if this was so, we might suppose "that his father serving in that place, took him with him "thither, seeing that there was not any prospect of his re-"turning to court."

Moors, and which deprived him of his right eye, are thus alluded to.

Desta arte a vida em outra fui trocando;
Eu naõ, mas o destino fero, irado;
Que eu, inda assi, por outra a naõ trocára.
Fez-me deixar o patrio ninho amado,
Passando o longo mar, que ameaçando
Tantas vezes me esteve a vida chara.
Agora exprimentando a furia rara
De Marte, que nos olhos quiz que logo
Visse, e tocasse o acerbo fructo seu:

This action took place in the Streights, and the vessel in which Camoens was stationed, having been struck with a cannon ball, a splinter from it caused the accident.*

We are informed that Camoens was, during his absence from Lisbon, actively employed; and that he conducted himself bravely, not only in the rencounter in which he was wounded, but also in various other affairs with the enemy; of some of which he hints in a line given in his elegy last referred to.

* Severim de Faria observes, that the loss of his eye having very much disfigured Camoens, the ladies afterwards amused themselves by calling him "Diabo" and "Caro sem olhos."

Nem com as armas taõ continuadas.

It is a little remarkable, however, that we have not been furnished with any account of the rank which he held in Africa; or whether he was allowed, as was the case with many of the young Portuguese of Family at that time, to commence the profession of arms as a volunteer.

It may be almost gathered, from the way in which Severim de Faria mentions that the accident by which Camoens was deprived of his eye, happened previous to his departure for India, that some doubts existed at the time he wrote, as to the date of this event; he particularly cites the passage from Camoens's first letter from India, which was dispatched home shortly after his arrival, and wherein in writing of Manoel Serraõ, he says, "Que, *sicut et nos* manqueja de hum olho," who, like me, is deprived of an eye.

Camoens, having now added military renown to his literary fame, returned to Lisbon with a mind naturally proud; and which, it may be imagined, could ill brook neglect. He put in, on his arrival, conscious of the proprie-

ty of his pretensions, a demand of remuneration for his services; and exhibited his face disfigured by the loss of an eye, in support of his claim. What must have been his feelings, when no one was found at Court to take any interest in his behalf!

The biographers of Camoens report, that he met, at this period, with another severe mortification, in the death of D. Catharina de Atayde, the lady for whose sake he had been banished. This event, which took place while she was yet in waiting upon the Queen of Ioaõ III. if it occurred at this time, when his hopes had experienced the blight abovementioned, must have produced a shock to his mind, which those can best estimate, who have been placed in similar situations, and which might have caused the renewal of his intention of visiting India. Whether D. Catharina died at that time or afterwards; it is beyond doubt, that the following beautiful sonnet, in which he pathetically pourtrays the feelings of an unfortunate lover, bewailing the hapless event, which had thus wrecked his hopes of happiness, was composed to her memory:

SONETO.

Alma minha gentil, que te partiste
  Taõ cedo desta vida desconteute ;
  Repousa lá no ceo eternamente,
E viva eu cá na terra sempre triste.
Se lá no assento Ethereo, onde subiste,
  Memoria desta vida se consente,
  Naõ te esqueças de aquelle amor ardente,
Que jâ nos olhos meus taõ puro viste.
  E se vires que póde merecer-te
Alguma coùsa a dor, que me ficou
Da mágoa, sem remedio de perder-te ;
  Roga a Deos que teus annos encurtou,
Que taõ cedo de cá me leve a ver-te,
Quaõ cedo de meus olhos te levou.*

This composition has engaged the abilities of three English poets of considerable genius. To Mr Southey I am indebted for many obliging favours, and particularly for allowing me to illustrate this work with his translation

* Ch' ella, che vede tutti i miei pensieri
M' impetri gratia, ch' io possa esser seco.
Petrarch.

of this sonnet. It has been observed by Mr Southey, "that to most imaginations, Camoens "will never appear so interesting, as when he "is bewailing his first love. It is in these mo- "ments that he is most truly a poet."

SONNET.

Meek spirit, who so early didst depart,
Thou art at rest in Heaven! I linger here,
And feed the lonely anguish of my heart;
Thinking of all that made existence dear.
All lost! If in this happy world above
Remembrance of this mortal life endure,
Thou wilt not then forget the perfect love
Which still thou see'st in me.—O spirit pure!
And if the irremediable grief,
The woe, which never hopes on earth relief,
May merit aught of thee; prefer thy prayer
To God, who took thee early to his rest,
That it may please him soon amid the blest
To summon me, dear maid! to meet thee there.*

* Another translation, which was printed in Mr Hayley's works, as the production of an ingenious friend, from whom Mr Hayley observes, that "the public may wish him to have "received more extensive obligations of a similar nature," is given in a subsequent part of this volume. A third translation appeared in an anonymous publication of "Translations "from Camoens, and other poets." Oxford, 1818. 8vo.

This sonnet is not the only poem written by Camoens on this lamented event. Amongst various other pieces, the Eclogue commencing—

De quanto alento. e gosto me causava.

first published by the editors of the edition of 1779, from the original MS. of the Commentaries of Faria e Sousa, preserved in the Library of the Royal Convent of "Nossa Senhora da Graça," at Lisbon, is entitled to much praise. In it, D. Catharina or Caterina, under the anagram of Natercia, is several times mentioned with great tenderness.

Natercia, por quem ando acompanhando
De magoa tal, que só da morte dura
Espero o feliz fim do meu cuidado.*

The sonnet

Debaixo desta pedra sepultada,

is supposed to have been written on the same melancholy occasion.

* "Natercia, for whom I feel such great grief, that it is "only from stern death, that I hope a fortunate conclusion to "my woe."

In opposition to this date, for the time of the death of D. Catharina, we have the powerful authority of D. Joze Maria de Souza, who gives his unqualified opinion, that she did not die until a few years previous to the return of Camoens from India. Upon a point so peculiarly interesting in the life of Camoens, I felt very anxious to be able to state any circumstances which might have induced Dom Joze to depart from the account which had generally been transmitted to us respecting this event; and, therefore, requested to be furnished by him with the reasons, if he had any others than those given in his life of the poet, which had caused that departure. This request was acceded to with the uniform and obliging willingness which Dom Joze has ever shewn to afford me information; and with the same interest which he has frequently evinced for the success of the present undertaking. He writes, "She could not have died very young for the "following reasons:—Camoens felt a lively "passion for this young lady, as soon as he "arrived at Lisbon, after having finished his "studies at Coimbra; that is to say, between

" the years 1546 and 1548. At this time, we " must suppose that she was between sixteen " and eighteen years of age, when she was " Dama do Paço. It was on account of his " attachment that he was banished from the " Court, and that he took the resolution to go " and serve in India. In different pieces, " written in the East, he addresses himself to " this Lady, the constant object of his love; " (Canções x. and xi.—Elegia i.) and particu- " larly in Canção vi. Strophes ii. and vii, writ- " ten during or after his sojourn at Ternate, " towards the year 1559. It is therefore cer- " tain, that D. Catharina was alive in 1560, " and that it is after that time we should con- " jecture she died. I am persuaded that her " death took place after 1564, near the time " when he set out for Moçambique, in com- " pany of the Governor Pedro Barreto. By " this calculation D. Catharina would be above " thirty years of age at her death. The " Eclogue, which he composed at that time, " only appeared in 1779, and does not furnish " any information which can determine the " point."

The passages alluded to in Cançaõ VI. are—

Se amor determinasse
Que a troco desta vida,
De mim qualquer memoria
Ficasse como historia,
Que de huns formosos olhos fosse lida,
A vida e a alegria
Por taõ doce memoria trocaria.

And—

E agora venho a dar
Conta do bem passado,
A esta triste vida, e longa ausencia.
Quem póde imaginar
Que houvesse em mim peccado
Digno de huma taõ grave penitencia?
Olhai que he consciencia
Por taõ pequeno erro,
Senhora, tanta pena.
Naõ vedes que he onzena?
Mas se taõ longo, e misero desterro
Vos dá contentamento,
Nunca me acabe nelle o meu tormento.

" If love should determine, that a remem-
" brance of my life should be made like a his-
" tory, which might be perused by *some* beau-

" tiful eyes; I would barter my life and joy
" for so sweet a remembrance."

" And now I come to give account of the
" happiness, which preceded this sorrowful life
" and long absence. Who could imagine
" that I could have in me a sin requiring so
" heavy a penance? Consider, Lady, if so
" great pain is conscionable for so trifling
" an error? Do you not see that it is usu-
" rious? But if so long and wretched a ba-
" nishment afford you satisfaction, may my
" affliction during it never cease."

In Canção X. pursuing the same idea as is conveyed in the first of the preceding quotations, he says:—

Se de tantos trabalhos só tirasse
Saber inda por certo que algum 'hora
Lembrava a huns claros olhos que já vi;
E se esta triste voz rompendo fóra,
As orelhas angelicas tocasse
De aquella em cuja vista já vivi;
A qual tornando hum pouco sobre si,
Revolvendo na mente pressurosa
Os tempos ja passados:
De meus doces errores,
De meus suaves males e furores,

Por ella padeceidos e buscados;
E (posto que jà tarde) piedosa,
Hum pouco lhe pezasse,
E lá entre si por dura se julgasse:
Isto só que soubesse me seria
Descanço para a vida que me fica;
Com isto affagaria o soffrimento.

It will be proper to mention, in this place, that from the manner in which the death of this lady is mentioned by Faria e Sousa, that author was not clearly possessed of the true date of her decease. He had evidently found it difficult to account for various expressions, which he had discovered in parts of the works of Camoens, written immediately previous to and after his departure from Lisbon, the language of which betrayed feelings very dissimilar to those commonly used by grief lamenting death; and observes, "If her decease took place "either previous to his arrival, or immediately "after his return from Ceuta, he had com- "menced other amours."* This observation, however worthy it may be of notice, may be

* "Si era muerta, el avia dado principio a otros amores."

entitled only to a degree of consideration; because it is frequently found that the best poets have employed their genius and talents in painting the charms of imaginary mistresses, and in pourtraying the vicissitudes of fancied attachments.

Although some time elapsed between the arrival of Camoens in Lisbon, and his departure for India, he had very soon reason to be dissatisfied with his reception, and to determine upon that journey. His situation, at length, roused him to exertion; his means were probably wasted; and, in the prime of life, he saw no mode of bettering his condition in Portugal. Discouraged and proud, he complained loudly of the ingratitude of his country; in the service of which he had shed his blood, and for which his writings testify he bore the strongest attachment.

The feelings with which Camoens embarked for India; that country, which he called the grave of every poor honest man:—

Aquella desejada e longa terra
De todo o pobre honrado sepultura.

and from which, on his leaving the shores of Portugal, he never intended to return, are best described in the letter, which he sent home shortly after his arrival there. Urged by whatever cause, he determined at all events to follow, in that distant country, the military profession, into which he had by his expedition to Ceuta been initiated. Disappointed at home, and prompted with the noble feeling of distinguishing himself abroad, yet disdaining those avaricious views with which unfortunately too many of the Portuguese set out for India, he sailed in the spring of 1553, in the ship in which the Commodore Fernando Alvares Cabral, who commanded the fleet then going to the East, was dispatched; and arrived at Goa in the September of that year, to seek a living where his father had found a grave.

Those feelings of anger, with which he departed from Lisbon, were assuaged by absence. He not only returned, but it is supposed, that his last composition, which was a letter dictated whilst he was expiring on a wretched bed, at a time when the sceptre of Portugal was wavering in the imbecile hand of the Cardinal D.

Henrique, and the poet presaged the downfal of his country, contained this passage:—" Em " fim acabarei a vida, e veraõ todos, que fuy " taõ afeiçoado a minha patria, que naõ so- " mente me contentei de morrer nella—mas " de morrer com ella."*

The four lines in Canto III. St. 21 of the Lusiad, particularly shew the fond affection which he bore whilst in India, for that country, which had neglected him.

Esta he a ditosa patria minha amada;
A' qual se o ceo me dá, que eu sem perigo
Torne, com esta empreza já acabada,
Acabe-se esta luz alli comigo.†

* " At last I shall finish my life; and all shall see that I " loved my country so much, that not only I was contented " to die in it, but also to die with it."

† This .... The sacred earth,
This the lov'd parent-soil that gave me birth.
And oh, would bounteous Heaven my prayer regard,
And fair success *my perilous toils* reward,
May that dear land my latest breath receive,
And give my weary bones a peaceful grave.
Mickle

Although this forms part of the speech made by Gama to

Previous to his departure he composed the following poem, in which he takes leave of the Tagus:—

SONETO.

Brandas agoas do Tejo que passando
Por estes verdes campos que regais,
Plantas, hervas, e flores, e animais,
Pastoras, nymphas, ides alegrando:
Naõ sei, (ah doces agoas!) naõ sei quando
Vos tornarei a ver; que mágoas tais,
Vendo como vos deixo, me causais,
Que de tornar já vou desconfiando.
Ordenou o destino, desejoso
De converter meus gostos em pezares,
Partida que me vai custando tanto.
Saudoso de vós, delle queixoso,
Encherei de suspiros outros ares,
Turbarei outras agoas com meu pranto.

This sonnet would, from the circumstances under which it was composed, be justly entitled

the King of Melinda, it is evidently intended to pourtray the feelings of Camoens; and *the toils* mentioned, have certainly reference to his poem. The word *enterprise* or *undertaking* is the literal translation of the Portuguese *empreza*.

to the attention of a biographer of Camoens, if its pathetic sweetness did not particularly recommend it to our notice. It is one of those, of which mention will be afterwards made, and which, with very slight alterations, Diogo Bernardes gave as his own; probably expecting, that as Camoens had not left any collection of his minor compositions, and as they were so scattered, his appropriation of it would not be discovered. For the following translation of this beautiful sonnet the public is indebted to Mr Southey:—

SONNET.

Waters of Tejo, gentle stream! that flow
Thro' these fair meads, refreshing as ye go
Herbage and flowers, and flocks, and with delight
Soothing the nymphs and shepherds on your shore;
I know not, gentle river, when my sight
Shall linger on your pleasant waters more.—
And now I turn me from you, sad at heart,
Hopeless that fate my future lot will bless;
That evil fate, which bids me now depart,
Converts remembered joys to wretchedness.
The thought of you, dear waters—oft will rise,
And mem'ry oft will see you in her dreams,
When I on other airs shall breathe my sighs,
And drop far off my tears in other streams.

" How disappointed," writes Dom Joze Maria de Souza in his life of the poet, " are our " desires to know more exactly why our poet " broke such sweet bonds of love, and exposed " himself to the cruel pains of a long or eter- " nal absence! What were the obstacles which " opposed themselves to an union with his be- " loved? What the hopes which afterwards " he cherished in India respecting her, and in " which he trusted, when he lost her? To " none of these do his unfeeling and cold " biographers give us any satisfaction. They " appear to have been afraid or scrupulous to " mention, or give any notice of the loves of " Camoens; and he, from delicacy of feeling, " does not explain himself, except in general " terms, or mysteriously, as to the object of " his passion."

The early attention of Camoens to the composition of the Lusiad; and that a considerable portion of it was written previous to his departure for India, are ascertained by several passages in his other poems. In an Eclogue, commencing—

A quem darei queixumes namorados,

which is stated to be the production of his youth, "da sua puericia" he is supposed, in the following lines, to refer to the poem, which was then occupying his mind—

Em quanto eu aparelho hum novo esprito,
E voz de Cisne tal que o mundo espante!

and in the Eclogue—

Cantando por hum valle docemente,

written immediately previous to the last, and one of his most juvenile compositions, he invokes the lady to whom it was addressed in these words amongst others—

Podeis fazer, que cresça de hora em hora
O nome Lusitano, e faça enveja
A Esmirna, que de Homero se engrandece.

Encourag'd by thy aid, from hour to hour,
May grow the Lusian name—and Smyrna, proud
And glorying in her bard, with envy swell.

evidently alluding to his intended poem. This allusion is much strengthened by a passage in his Ode—

A quem daraõ de Pindo as moradores,

written, a year previous to his departure, to D. Manoel de Portugal, son of the first Conde de Vimioso, who was himself a good poet, and the Patron of those who applied themselves to the study of Poesy.

Por Mecenas a vos celebro, e tenho ;
E sacro o nome vosso
Farei, se alguma cousa em verso posso.

O rudo canto meu que resuscita
As honras sepultadas,
As palmas já passadas
Dos bellicosos nossos Lusitanos,
Para tesouro dos futuros annos,
Com vosco se defende
Da lei Letea, á aqual tudo se rende.*

* " As a Mæcenas I celebrate you and hold you ; and I " will immortalize your name, if I can achieve any thing in " verse."

" My rude song, which revives the buried honours, the " triumphs now passed of our warlike Lusitanians, for the " treasure of future years, with you defends itself from the " law of Lethe, to which every thing submits."

Faria e Sousa relates a circumstance, which would induce a belief, that Camoens, previous to his leaving Portugal, if he had not finished, had at least formed an outline of nearly six of the Cantos of his poem. He states, that he had found amongst the old books on the stall of Pedro Coelho in Madrid, a copy of the first six Cantos, written before the poet went to India, which discovery confirmed many opinions which he had hazarded on the subject of Camoens and his work. It was well executed, and resembled the writing of some of the works of Ioaõ de Barros, which he had seen. Faria e Sousa imparted this discovery to D. Tomayo de Vargas, Ioaõ Pinto Ribeiro, and others, who on examining the MS. found many stanzas which were not contained in the printed copies; some which had been amended; and others, which were materially changed. At the conclusion of this manuscript, which, it should appear, had been fraudulently obtained, was the following declaration:—" These six " Cantos were purloined from Luis de Ca- " moens, from the work which he has com- " menced on the discovery and conquest of In-

" dia by the Portuguese. They are all finished " except the sixth, which although the end is " given here, wants a history of the Loves " which Leonardo relates while keeping watch; " and which should follow Rima 46, where the " want of it occurs; because the conversation " of those on the watch becomes less extended " and lively, and the Canto is shorter than the " others."* Dom Joze Maria de Souza exclaims against the conduct of Faria e Sousa respecting this Manuscript; which, allowing it to have been written at the time mentioned, namely, twenty-two years before Camoens brought out his work, might have been considered as a curiosity to shew the study and corrections, which he had bestowed upon his poem; yet ought never to have been deemed a sufficient authority to collate the printed copy with, and

* " Estes seys cantos se furtaraõ a Luis de Camoẽs da " obra que tem começado sobre o descubrimento, e conquista " da India por os Portugueses. Vam todos acabados, excepto " o sexto, que posto que vay aqui o fim delle, faltalha hũa " historia de amores que Leonardo contou estando vigiando, " que ha de proseguir sobre a Rima 46. onde logo se sente " bem a falta della; porque fica fria, e curta a conversaçam " dos vigiantes, e o proprio canto mais breve que os outros."

from which to print the various readings. Much less ought the text, as printed by Camoens, to have been altered in consequence of such variations; thus doing the poet a serious injury by substituting the weaker productions of his youth, for the more nervous and polished expressions of his riper years.

How Camoens was engaged during his voyage to India does not appear; as the distance was great, and as the time occupied in the completion of the voyage long, it is probable his mind, naturally active, would be employed on the Lusiad. This supposition is considerably strengthened by the descriptions given in the poem, which, from their accuracy, and lively detail; as well of the coasts and places generally observed and visited by the fleet on its passage outwards, as of the manners and customs of their inhabitants; would incline us to imagine, that they were written either on the spots they ponrtray, or from notes correctly taken on the voyage.

The S. Bento, the ship in which he sailed, was more fortunate than her companions; for, of the squadron which left the Tagus, under

the command of Cabral, this vessel was the only one which reached her destination. "Fate," as Bouterwek observes, "seeming to have "watched over him for the purpose of con-"ducting him safely through the most immi-"nent dangers to the completion of his poeti-"cal career."

Arriving at Goa, in the September of the same year, he did not long remain inactive. The Viceroy D. Affonso de Noronha having been applied to by the King of Cochin, and other allies of the Portuguese, for protection against the oppressive conduct and incursions of the King of Pimenta; immediately prepared an armament, with which he sailed in the November, and so effectually chastised that Prince, as to make him sue for a peace.*

Camoens, thirsting for military glory, embarked, according to several of his biographers, as a volunteer, and partook of the honour which the Portuguese gained by this short but decisive rencounter, in which their artillery shewed itself vastly superior to the weapons of the

* The reader will find a particular account of this expedition in Couto. Decada vi. liv. x. c. 15.

Indians. He is enumerated by Faria e Sousa amongst the persons of distinction who accompanied the viceroy on this occasion.*

Of this event, and its fortunate result, the poet gives an account in his first Elegy, commencing—

O poeta Simonides fallando, &c.

in which he also describes his passage to India. The following part of it is particularly dedicated to this expedition, and is not written in any boasting strain, but in such language as modest valour adopts to relate its exploits.

Huma Ilha que o Rei de Porca tem,
E que o Rei da Pimenta lhe tomára,
Fomos tomar-lha, e succedeo-nos bem.

" We were to retake an Island, belonging to the King of " Porca, of which he had been dispossessed by the King of " Pimenta; and our enterprise succeeded well.

* Asia Portug. Tom. ii. Part ii. Cap. x. p. 277

Com huma grossa armada, que juntára
O Viso-Rei, de Goa nos partimos,
Com toda a gente de armas que se achára,
E com pouco trabalho destruimos
A gente no curvo arco exercitada;
Com morte, com incendios os punimos.
Era a Ilha com aguas alagada,
De modo que se andava em almadias;
Em fim, outra Veneza trasladada
Nella nos detivemos sòs dous dias,
Que foram para alguũs os derradeiros,
Pois passáram de Estyge as ondas frias.
Que estes saõ os remedios verdadeiros
Que para a vida estaõ apparelhados
Aos que a querem ter por Cavalleiros.

"We departed from Goa with a large armament, which "the Viceroy assembled, comprised of all the force there.

"With little trouble we destroyed the people trained to "the curved bow. We punished them with death and fire.

"The Island was intersected with waters, so that it was "necessary to use Almadias or Indian boats. In short, "another Venice.

"We were detained in it only two days, which were the "last for some, who passed the cold waters of Styx.

"Such are the risks, which are opposed to the lives of "those, who are desirous of becoming knights."

Oh Lavradores bemaventurados!
Se conhecessem seu contentamento,
Como vivem no campo socegados!
Dá-lhes a justa terra o mantimento;
Dá-lhes a fonte clara da agua pura,
Mungem suas ovelhas cento a cento.
Naõ vem o mar irado, a noite escura,
Por ir buscar a pedra do Oriente;
Naõ temem o furor da guerra dura.
Vive hum com suas arvores contente,
Sem lhe quebrar o somno repousado
A grão cobiça de ouro reluzente.
* * * * *
Se suas casas, de ouro naõ se esmaltam,
Esmalta-se-lhe o campo de mil flores
Onde os Cabritos seus comendo saltam.

" Fortunate Husbandmen! if they knew their happiness,
" whilst they reside peaceably in the field!
" The just earth yields them provisions, the clear fountain
" supplies them with pure water, and their ewes by hundreds
" give their milk.
" They do not witness the rage of the sea, nor the dismal
" night in searching for the treasures of the East, neither do
" they fear the fury of stern war.
" Each lives contented with his vines, without having his
" rest disturbed by a thirst for shining gold.
" If their houses do not sparkle with gold, the pasture,
" where their kids, feeding, sport, is enamelled with a thou-
" sand flowers.

Alli lhe mostra o campo várias cores;
Vem-se os ramos pender cò o fructo ameno;
Alli se affina o canto dos Pastores, &c.

"There the field displays its various colours; the branches "are seen bending beneath the lovely fruit; there the shep- "herd's song salutes them."

The appeal to the state of his fellow countrymen bespeaks the poet's ideas of their rustic happiness, contrasted with the perils attendant upon a life exposed to storms and warfare. This Elegy, which was written either immediately after the battle, or on his return to Goa; closely resembles, in its commencement, a composition by the same Roman poet, with whose history that of Camoens has been already represented to have borne a similitude. The piece alluded to is the third Elegy of the first book "de Tristibus," in which Ovid describes his departure from Rome; his feelings on the occasion; his voyage; and the tempest which he encountered. The description of a storm in the preceding part of this Elegy is very grand and impressive:—

Porque chegando ao Cabo da Esperança,

* * * * * *

Eis a noite com nuvẽes se escurece;
Do ar subitamente foge o dia;
E todo o largo Oceano se embravece.
A máchina do mundo parecia,
Que em tormentas se vinha desfazendo;
Em serras todo o mar se convertia.
Lutando Boreas fero, e Noto horrendo,
Sonoras tempestades levantavam,
Das naos as velas concavas rompendo.
As cordas co' o ruido assoviavam;
Os marinheiros, já desesperados,
Com gritos para o Ceo o ar coalhavam.
Os raios por Vulcano fabricados,
Vibrava o fero e aspero Tonante,
Tremendo os Polos ambos de assombrados.

"Arriv'd at the Cape of Good Hope, behold the night is "obscured with clouds; the day suddenly departs from the "sky; and the vast ocean becomes enraged.

"The frame of the world appeared as about to be destroy-"ed by the storm; the sea was converted into mountains.

"The fierce Boreas and dreadful South Wind contending "raised noisy tempests, tearing the hollow sails of the vessels.

"The cordage hissed in this conflict; the mariners de-"spairing filled the air with their cries to Heaven.

"The fierce and loud thunder dispersed the bolts fabri-"cated by Vulcan, appalling both the poles with fear."

Camoens, in the year after his arrival in India, received the account of the death of D. Antonio de Noronha. It was with this young nobleman that he first entered upon the profession of arms; and to him, from similarity of disposition, pursuits, and disappointment, he was united in the firmest bonds of friendship. Noronha perished, together with his uncle D. Pedro de Menezes, the Captain General, near Ceuta, on the eighteenth day of April, 1553, in an engagement with the Moors of Tetuan. This date is ascertained by the inscription on his monument, in the principal chapel of the monastery of Saõ Bento de Xabregas, which publishes to posterity the devotion and ardent zeal of this illustrious Family in the service of its Country. Two brothers of D. Antonio fell with Sebastian in Africa, and two others found graves in India. The inscription is as follows:—

" Sepultura de D. Antonio de Noronha pri-
" meiro filho do segundo Conde de Linhares
" D. Francisco, e da Condessa D. Violante,
" que os Mouros mataram em Ceuta em 18 de
" April de 1553 annos, sendo elle de desasete.

" D. Joanna de Noronha sua irmaã, que nunca
" casou, e fez esta Capella á sua Custa, quando
" a acabou, que foi no anno de 1622, trasla-
" dou seus ossos da Sé de Ceuta a esta sepul-
" tura; e naõ a deo aos mais irmaõs seus,
" porque dous delles morreram em Africa com
" El Rei D. Sebastiaõ, e os outros dous nas
" partes da India." &c.*

The afflicting intelligence of Noronha's disastrous fate overwhelmed him with grief; and, to the memory of his earliest and excellent young friend, he wrote this sonnet, which has been translated by Lord Strangford.†

Em flor vos arrancou, de entaõ crescida,
(Ah Senhor Dom Antonio!) a dura sorte,
Donde fazendo andava o braço forte
A fama dos antiguos esquecida.
Hum só razaõ tenho conhecida,
Com que tamanha mágoa se conforte;
Que se no mundo havia honrada morte,
Naõ podeis vós ter mais larga vida.

* The remainder of the inscription relates to two other brothers who were Friars of the Order of Santo Agostinho.

† Poems from the Port. of L. de Camoens, p. 98.

Se meus humildes versos podem tanto
Que co' o desejo meu se iguale a arte,
Especial materia me sereis.
E celebrado em triste e longo canto,
Se morrestes nas mãos do fero Marte,
Na memoria das gentes vivireis.

In his Eclogue of Umbrano and Frondelio, he also laments the death of Noronha, together with the demise of the young prince Dom Ioaõ, the son of Ioaõ III; who had died shortly after his marriage with Dona Joanna, the daughter of the Emperor Charles V, and without having beheld his son, the luckless Sebastian, who was born a few days after the decease of his father.

Camoens, about this time, wrote the first of the two letters, which are usually printed at the end of his works. It was sent from India to a friend in Portugal, now unknown, but to whom he must have felt attached, as may be inferred from its commencement, wherein he expresses considerable anxiety to hear from him. "I "wished," says he, "so much for your letter, "that I fancied my desire to have it prevented "its arrival; for this is the certain custom of "fortune, to permit a strong wish for that

" which she is most ready to deny." That his friend should not, however, suspect that he had forgotten him, Camoens determined to address to him a letter, explanatory of his feelings, and descriptive of the customs of the people amongst whom he was then resident. " On " departing, as one bound to the other world, " I sent as falsifiers of the coin, with a pub- " lic proclamation to be hanged, the many " hopes on which I had until then been fed. " I freed myself from the thoughts, which had " accompanied me, because they were totally " unprofitable ; and thus seeing myself in a " situation as if placed between hawk and buz- " zard, the last words which I spoke were " those of Scipio Africanus, ' *Ingrata patria*, " *non possidebis ossa mea*,'—ungrateful Coun- " try, you shall not possess my ashes. Because, " without even such a fault as would have " subjected me to purgatory for three days, I " experienced three thousand, for slanderous " tongues, worse designs, and ill will proceed- " ing from pure envy, at seeing ' *Su amada* " *yedra de si arrancada, y en otro muro asi-*

" *da :*'* from which also friendships more " tender than wax were fomented into inflexi- " ble hatreds." He pursues this strain at some length, and dwells upon his then-unhappy state. Of the country, he writes, that it is " the " mother of great villains, and the step-mother " of honourable men." The evil practices in India are then touched upon, and a description of the ladies not much in their praise, follows. The letter concludes with his sending the sonnet, which he had composed on the death of Noronha, to shew his friend, as he expresses it, how deeply he deplored the event. He also takes an opportunity, while writing of the sonnet, to mention the Eclogue, composed on the deaths of Noronha and the Prince Dom Ioaõ; and he observes, that he thought it better than

* Literally—" *Their loved ivy torn from them, and placed* " *against another wall.*" As the letter is in Portuguese, and this quotation is in Spanish, it is probable the friend of Camoens, to whom it was addressed, knew very well the feeling with which it was used, and its force. That it refers to his accomplishments and genius having obtained him more notice, than was agreeable to persons, whose jealousy was on that account roused, may be fairly inferred.

some others which he had written.* It is in this letter also that Camoens refers to the accident which befel him previous to his departure for India.

D. Pedro Mascarenhas, having been appointed by the King to succeed to the viceroy-ship in India, sailed from Lisbon in the month of March, 1554,† and, arriving at Goa in the September following, relieved De Affonso de Noronha from the duties of his office. Some time after his disembarkation, it became necessary to equip an armament to prevent the great depredations committed by the Moorish vessels on the trade in the Streights of Mecca. The command of the expedition was entrusted to Manoel de Vasconcellos, who received orders to sail to the Coast of Arabia, and proceed to Mount Felix, near which he was to await the arrival of the pirates and engage them. The armament set out from Goa in February, and, after an ineffectual cruise, wintered at Ormus. On its return, in the October of the following year,

* Faria e Sousa in his Commentary on this Eclogue, greatly extols the genius of Camoens for its composition.

† Couto. Dec. 7. Liv. i. cap. 3.

Francisco Barreto was exercising the functions of Governor, in consequence of the death of Mascarenhas. Camoens offered himself as a volunteer, and accompanied Vasconcellos in this expedition, in which he suffered great privations. Not having, as Faria e Sousa writes in his Asia Portuguesa,* any employment for his sword, he took up his pen, and in one of his poems is preserved, the account of this cruise, and a description of Mount Felix.

The composition alluded to is the Cançao commencing—

Junto de hum secco, duro, esteril monte, &c.

which sets out with a delineation of the rugged and barren appearance of the Mount Felix; where, he writes, neither a bird flies nor a beast sleeps; where neither the clear river flows, the fountain boils, nor the cheerful rustling of the green branch is heard.

Junto de hum secco, duro, esteril monte,
Inutil, e despido, calvo, e informe,

* Tom. ii. Part ii. Cap. xi. p. 292

Da natureza em tudo aborrecido;
Onde nem ave vôa, ou fera dorme,
Nem corre claro rio, ou ferve fonte,
Nem verde ramo faz doce ruido;
Cujo nome, do Vulgo introduzido,
He Felix.—
O Cabo se descobre, com que a costa
Africana, que do Austro vem correndo,
Limite faz,—

Camoens complains bitterly of this time he so unprofitably and unhappily spent. "Here "my hapless fortune placed me; here, in this "remote, rugged, and barren part of the world "did Fortune will, that a part of my short life "should be spent, in order that it might be "distributed in pieces throughout the world."

Aqui
Me trouxe hum tempo, e teve
Minha fera ventura.
Aqui nesta remota, aspera, e dura
Parte do mundo, quiz que a vida breve
Tambem de si deixasse hum breve espaço
Porque ficasse a vida
Por o mundo em pedaços repartida.

" Here" pursuing his complaint, he says, " the solitary and melancholy days were spent; " nor had I, as my only adversaries, life, a " burning sun, cold waters, thick and sultry " atmosphere, but also my own thoughts. " These I saw against me, bringing to my " memory some short and passed joy which I " experienced in the world when I lived in it; " to double the severity of my misfortunes by " shewing me the hours of happiness in the " world. Here was I with these contempla- " tions, spending my days and my life."

Aqui me achei gastando hũus tristes diaz,
Tristes, forçados, maos, e solitarios,
De trabalho, de dor, de ira cheios:
Naõ tendo, naõ sómente por contrarios
A vida, o sol ardente, as aguas frias,
Os ares grossos, fervidos, e feios,
Mas os meus pensamentos—
Tambem vi contra mi
Trazendo-me á memoria
Alguma ja passada, e breve gloria,
Que eu já no mundo vi quando vivi;
Por me dobrar dos males a aspereza;
Por mostrar-me que havia
No mundo muitas horas de allegria.
Aqui esteve eu com estes pensamentos
Gastando tempo e vida:—

Previous to this time the glory of the Portuguese in the East was on the decline. The emphatic expression of Camoens, contained in the first letter which he sent from India, explains in strong terms the situation of the country on his arrival: "he mai dos villoẽs " ruijs, e madrasta de homẽes honrados.— " The mother of great villains, and the step- " mother of honest men."

That chivalrous spirit, with which Vasco de Gama, Albuquerque, Pacheco, and other illustrious heroes, had sailed to India; the thirst for enterprize, the boast of dangers surmounted and victories achieved, the hopes of distinctions, the allurements of honours to be conferred, which originally tempted the Portuguese youth from Lisbon,

> ..... The desire to be
> A Soldier, and to gain a name in arms;

had totally vanished. The public service was sacrificed to private interest, and the Portuguese settlements in the East were proceeding to decay with a rapidity, which the efforts of

two or three virtuous and honourable governors, who occasionally appeared and exerted themselves to revive the feelings of older times, were incapable to arrest. At last the employment of every means, which individual ambition and avarice could invent for self-interest, gratification and spoil, hurried the power of the Portuguese in India to its downfal.

These unworthy and sordid feelings so abundantly prevailed latterly, that the highest officers only considered themselves sent out for the purpose of aggrandizing themselves, or of repairing a ruined fortune: consequently intrigues were actively carried on at home to secure an appointment abroad, and the customary absence of three years was completely dedicated to a self interest, which precluded any attention to the welfare of the country. The mischief rapidly extended from those in high command to those in inferior stations; avarice, envy, and cruelty reigned in every department: the soldiers, viewing the distinctions due to their valour bestowed upon the minions of their governors, became enervated and disheartened, seeking only the means which would convey

them back to Europe, or exerting themselves to amass as much as would secure them a tolerable livelihood in India. Here they married, and turning petty merchants, were guilty of extortions and cruelty towards the natives, until these could no longer bear the burthens imposed by their oppressors. Advantage was taken of the laxity of discipline, the Indians became formidable, and, finally joining the other Europeans who were attracted by the treasures of the East, wrested from the Portuguese that power which it had cost them so much blood to acquire.

Camoens, who witnessed, on his return to Portugal, the decrease of his country's glory at home, viewed its rapid decline abroad with dissatisfaction. As he had sailed from its shores with a disinterested mind, with honourable feelings, and an ardent desire for its welfare, he was distressed and mortified at the corruption and shameful practices, which the thirst of lucre and the abuse of authority at that time countenanced. His indignation at such conduct appeared, on his arrival with Vasconcellos, in a poem, wherein he reprobates

these proceedings. This production, which is entitled "Disparates na India," "Follies in India," is written in a vein of satire, which it would be very difficult to translate. It is composed in a measure, of which instances are to be found in the early Portuguese writers, and is in stanzas, the concluding lines of each of which generally convey, in an old saying or proverb, the jet of what has gone before. Thus, in one instance, he denies his knowledge of a party whom he has described, since "Honour and Self-interest are not found in "the same sack."

"Pois honra, e proveito naõ cabẽ num saco."

Although this satire was written in general terms, the characters of some persons of importance were so conspicuously marked in it as to leave no doubt in their minds, for whom the censure was intended. Conscious of their having been alluded to, and having deserved the allusion, they appealed to Barreto; who, unwilling to give offence to those with whom he most probably found it conducive to his advantage to be on good terms, and whose

practices he either participated in, or knew not how to restrain, listened to their complaints; and seizing the person of the poet, banished him to China.

As the sentence of exile passed upon Camoens for the composition of this poem, and the events which arose in consequence of its being carried into execution, form conspicuous features in his life, it may not be improper to introduce in this place, the offending lines.

DISPARATES NA INDIA.

Este Mundo es el camino
Adò ay duzientos váos,
Ou por onde bõos, e maos,
Todos somos del merino.
Mas os maos saõ de teor,
Que desque mudam a còr,
Chamam logo a El Rei compadre;
E em fim dexadlos mi madre.
Que sempre tem hum sabor
De quem torto nasce, tarde se endireita.
Deixai a hum que se abone,
Diz logo de muito sengo,
Villas y Castillos tengo,
Todos a mi mandar sone.
Entao eu, que estou de molho,
Com a lagrima no olho,

Pelo virar do envés,
Digo-lhe: tu ex illis es,
E por isso naõ te ólho;
Pois honra e proveito naõ cabe n'hũ saco.
Vereis hũus, que no seu seio
Cuidam que trazem París,
E querem com dous ceitís,
Fender anca pelo meio.
Vereis mancebinho de arte
Com espada em talabarte:
Naõ ha mais Italiano:
A este direis: meu mano,
Vós sois galante, que farte;
Mas pan y vino anda el camino, que no moço garrido.
Outros em cada theatro,
Por officio lhe ouvirès,
Que se mataràn con tres,
Y lo mismo haran con quatro.
Prezam-se de dar respostas,
Com palavras bem compostas;
Mas se lhe meteis a maõ,
Na paz mostram coraçaõ,
Na guerra mostram as costas;
Porque aqui torce a porca o rabo.
Outros vejo por ahi,
A que se acha mal o fundo,
Que andam emendando o Mundo,
E naõ se emendam a si.
Estes respondem a quem
Delles naõ entende bem

El dolor, que està secreto;
Mas porém quem for discreto,
Responder-lhe-ha muito bem,
Assi entrou o Mundo, assi ha de sahir.
Achareis rafeiro velho,
Que se quer vender por galgo,
Diz que o dinheiro he fidalgo,
Que o sangue todo he vermelho:
Se elle mais alto o dissera,
Este pelote puzera;
Que o seu eco lhe responda,
Que su padre era de Ronda,
Y su madre de Antequera,
E quer cobrir o Ceo co' huma joeira.
Fraldas largas, grave aspeito,
Para Senador Romano.
Oh que grandissimo engano,
Que Momo lhe abrisse o peito!
Consciencia, que sobeja,
Siso, com que o Mundo reja,
Mansidaõ outro que si;
Mas que lobo está em ti,
Metido em pelle de oveja!
E sabem-no poucos.
Guardia-vos de hũus meus Senhores,
Que ainda compram, e vendem;
Hũus, que he certo, que descendem
Da geraçaõ de Pastores:
Mostram-se-vos boos amigos;
Mas se vos vem em perigos,

Escarram-vos nas paredes;
Que de fóra dormiredes,
Irmão, que he tempo de figos;
Porque de rabo de porco nunqua bom virote.
Que direis de hũus, que as estranhas
Lhe estaõ ardendo em cobiça,
E se têm mando, a justiça
Fazem de teas de aranhas?
Com suas hypocrisias,
Que saõ de vossas espias,
Para os pequenos hũus Neros,
Para os grandes tudo feros:
Pois tu, parvo, naõ sabias,
Que lá vaõ leis, onde querem cruzados?
Mas tornando a hũus enfadonhos,
Cujas cousas saõ notorias;
Hũus, que contam mil historias,
Mais desmanchadas que sonhos:
Hũus mais parvos que zamboas,
Que estudam palavras boas,
A que ignorancia os atiça;
Estes paguem por justiça;
Que tem morto mil pessoas,
Por vida de quanto quero.
Aonde tienen las mentes
Hũus secretos trovadores,
Que fazem cartas de amores,
De que ficam mui contentes?
Naõ querem sahir á praça,
Trazem trova por negaça,

E se lha gabais, que he boa,
Diz que he de certa pessoa.
Ora que quereis que faça,
Senaõ ir-me por esse Mundo?
O' tu, como me atarracas,
Escudeiro de Solia,
Com bocaes de fidalguia,
Trazido quasi com vacas?
Importuno a importunar,
Morto por desenterrar
Parentes, que cheiram já:
Voto a tal, que me fará
Hum destes nunqua fallar
Mais com viva alma.
Hũus que fallam muito, vi,
De que quizera fugir;
Hũus que, em fim, sem se sentir,
Andam fallando entre si;
Porfiosos sem razaõ;
E desque tomam a maõ,
Fallam sem necessidade;
E se algum'hora he verdade,
Deve ser na confissaõ;
Porque quem na mente,
Já me entendeis.
Oh vós quem quer que me lerdes,
Que haveis de ser avisado,
Que dizeis ao namorado,
Que caça vento com redes?
Jura por vida da Dama,
Falla comsigo na cama,

Passêa de noite, e escarra,
Por falsete na guitarra
Põe sempre, viva quem ama.
Porque calça a seu proposito.
Mas deixemos, se quizerdes,
Por hum pouco as travessuras,
Porque entre quatro maduras
Leveis tambem cinco verdes.
Deitemos-nos mais ao mar,
E se algum se arrecear,
Passe tres ou quatro trovas:
E vós tomais côres novas?
Mas naõ he para espantar,
Que quem porcos ha menos,
Em cada mouta lhe roncam.
O' vós que sois Secretarios
Das consciencias Reais,
Que entre os homẽes estais
Por Senhores ordinarios;
Porque naõ pondes hum freo
Ao roubar, que vai sem meo;
Debaixo de bom governo?
Pois hum pedaço de inferno,
Por pouco dinheiro alheo,
Se vende a Mouro, e a Judeo.
Porque a mente affeiçoada
Sempre á Real dignidade,
Vos faz julgar por bondade
A malicia desculpada?
Move a presença Real
Huma affeiçaõ natural,

Que logo inclina ao Juiz
A seu favor, e naõ diz
Hum rifaõ muito géral,
Que o Abbade donde canta, dahi janta
E vós bailais a esse som:
Por isso, gentís Pastores,
Vos chama a vós mercadores,
Hum que só foi Pastor bom.

But another reason has been assigned for this apparently harsh conduct on the part of the Governor towards Camoens. Faria e Sousa, after giving a short account of the "Disparates na India," observes, that Camoens composed a second satire, "at which Barreto took of-"fence, because it censured the conduct of "some persons who had celebrated his eleva-"tion by an exhibition, called 'Juégo de "Canas,' the Sport of Canes. There is not," he adds, "any thing reprehensible in all the "actions of my master, except his having "written these Satires, for in doing so he lost "sight of prudence, independence, and the "bearing of a Cavalier; not any of these qua-"lities belonging to a satirist. Barreto, like-"wise, who was a man possessing a great

" mind,* did not appear to advantage in re-
" venging himself so sternly upon a man of
" such abilities, and in treating him with such
" rigour." He also hints, that

" As one hand the pen, and one the sword employed,"

the parties who felt aggrieved were under the necessity of having recourse to a different kind of satisfaction than a written refutation, or an appeal to arms. " Finally," he writes, " Fran-
" cisco Barreto, becoming the avenger of these
" persons, and also considering himself, from
" the circumstance of the feast having been
" given to celebrate his entrance into the
" office of Governor, included in the censure,
" banished the poet, and sentenced him to
" depart for China."

The account of Faria e Sousa respecting this satire has been handed down by subsequent biographers with little variation; and, in its support, the existence of the composition, and its appearance with the Rimas of Camoens

* How unworthy Barreto was of this character may be seen in Mickle's Life of Camoens, page 189, note.

so early as the year 1607, may be adduced. That it was the production of Camoens has, however, been strenuously denied by Dom Joze Maria de Souza, who, in his life of the poet, thus notices it:—"At the same time a "paper in prose and verse appeared, which "reflected upon the conduct of certain citizens "of Goa; who, to flatter the new Governor, "had prepared ridiculous feasts to celebrate "the day of his elevation; and had, during "the entertainment, exposed themselves to "the public in a disgusting state of inebria-"tion. This satire was attributed to Camo-"ens, but it may be believed, falsely; since "no spark of his genius appears, either in the "prose or verses; nor is he found either "before or after that time indulging in that "species of composition, of which they are "desirous to accuse him." The same Biographer in a note, finds great fault with Faria e Sousa, for having amongst other things respecting Camoens, calumniated the character of the poet, by stating his tendency for satire without bringing forward any proof for so odious a charge. The assertion of Dom Joze receives

authority from the writings of Camoens, wherein his manner of mentioning his sentence of banishment would imply his innocence. Impossible as it is, at this period, to ascertain the fact; we must regret, that it should ever have appeared, for if it even was composed by him, he most probably wrote it without any intention that it should survive the time which gave it birth. And as nothing was to be found in it which could recommend it, but on the contrary as it might have appeared unworthy the bard; his early editors would have consulted much more his honour by suppressing, than by handing it down to posterity.

The piece, as given in the edition of 1607, bears the following title:—" Zombaria que fez " sobre algũs homẽs a q naõ sabia mal o vin- " ho: fingindo q em Goa nas festas que se " fizeraõ à Successaõ de hum Governador, " sayraõ a jugar as canas estes certos galantes " cõ divisas nas bandeiras & letras cõformes " suas tençoẽs, & inclinaçoẽs." " A jest, " which he wrote upon some men, who were " fond of wine: feigning, that in Goa, at the " feasts which were made on the succession of

" the Governor, these Gallants went to sport " with Canes, with devices on their banners, " and letters explanatory of their intentions " and inclinations." It is written chiefly in prose, having verses introduced in several places; the latter being written in explanation of, or as mottos to the devices, which are stated in the former. No names of the parties appear, and after introducing six or eight of these drunken revellers, the author closes the performance by stating, that " several other " illustrious men desired to be admitted to the " feasts and sports, and to have an account of " their qualifications given; but," he observes, " the writing would be infinite, because all the " men in India are so distinguished, and " therefore let these suffice as a sample."

Camoens considered the sentence of Barreto an usurpation of power, and an act of excessive tyranny; yet keen as were his feelings on the occasion, which we may infer from the following extracts from his works, his greatness of mind would not allow him to proclaim to the world the name of the person who had thus ill-treated him. Assured of his own innocence,

he thus mentions his exile in stanza 128 of the tenth Canto of the Lusiad, wherein he also alludes to the shipwreck which he afterwards suffered.

Este receberá placido, e brando
No seu regaço os Cantos, que molhados
Vem do naufragio triste, e miserando,
Dos procellosos baixos escapados;
Das fomes, dos perigos grandes, quando
Será o INJUSTO MANDO executado
Naquelle, cuja lyra sonorosa
Será mais affamada que ditosa.

Oh gentle Mecon, on thy friendly shore
Long shall the Muse her sweetest offerings pour!
When tyrant ire, chaf'd by the blended lust
Of pride outrageous and revenge unjust,
Shall on the guiltless exile burst their rage,
And mad'ning tempests on their side engage;
Preserv'd by Heaven the song of Lusian fame,
The song, O Vasco, sacred to thy name,
Wet from the whelming surge shall triumph o'er
The fate of shipwreck on the Mecon's shore,
Here rest secure as on the Muses breast,
Happy the deathless Song, the Bard, alas! unblest!

Mickle.

In the composition, commencing—

Sobolos rios, que vaõ,

he inveighs against a sentence so unjust and oppressive; and wishes the remembrance of it might, in punishment to those by whom it was obtained and passed, be written, and re-remain on some imperishable substance.

> A pena desta desterro
> Que eu mais desejo esculpida
> Em pedra, ou em duro ferro.

The conduct of Barreto is condemned by Dom Joze Maria de Souza, who states, that the power vested in him was abused in this instance; and that, although the generosity of Camoens has concealed the name of his persecutor, yet it is a debt due from history to denounce this despot to future ages, and to brand his name with infamy for having thus dealt with this great man, whose merits he knew not how to value. Nor is the meanness, he adds, of Manoel Severim de Faria, and others, less reprehensible for having endeavoured, by blaming their unhappy victim, Luis de Camoens, to diminish the odium inseparable from this act of misrule.

Camoens departed from Goa in 1556, with the fleet which was dispatched to the South by Barreto, as the poet himself describes, "loaded "with his sorrows, his feelings, and his for-"tunes." The early part of his exile, it would appear, was spent at the Molucca Islands; and in the sixth Cançaõ, to which I have before referred, he is supposed to describe Ternate in the following lines:—

Com força desusada
Aquenta o fogo eterno
Huma Ilha nas partes no Oriente,
De estranhos habitada,
Aonde o duro Inverno
Os campos reverdece alegremente.
A Lusitana gente
Por armas sanguinosas
Tem delle o senhorio.
Cercada está de hum rio
De maritimas aguas saudosas.
Das hervas que aqui nascem,
Os gados juntamente, e os olhos passem.
Aqui minha ventura
Quiz que huma grande parte
Da vida ..... se passasse.

" With more than usual force the eternal " fire heats an island in the East, inhabited by " strangers, where the winter cheerfully re- " vives the fields. The Portuguese nation by " bloody arms holds possession of it. It is sur- " rounded by a river of delightful sea-waters. " On the herbage, which it produces, the " flocks and the eye jointly feed. Here my " fortune willed that a considerable part of " my life should be passed."

It was during his exile from Goa that Camoens spent some time at Macáo; and from an office which he held there as " Provedor dos Defunctos," or Commissary for the Effects of the Deceased, derived certain emoluments. It may easily be imagined that this situation was little consonant to the ideas of a poet or a soldier; the profits, however, of the office, provided him not only the means of support, but also enabled him to lay up such a sum as he hoped might allow him to pass his latter days in comparative ease and quiet. He now bestowed much of his time upon the Lusiad, doubtless viewing, with considerable satisfaction, his wishes

respecting it nearly crowned with success; and desirous to finish a work, the composition of which, besides having alleviated his misfortunes, and supported him under his afflictions, had been his occupation during great part of his eventful life.

There are differences of opinion with respect to the period when Camoens entered upon this office at Macáo. Some imagine that he repaired to Macáo shortly after the order of banishment was passed, and that the rigour of that sentence was softened by this place thus bestowed upon him by Barreto. Faria e Sousa is, I think, inclined to this charitable construction of the conduct of the Governor; and significantly observes, that he cannot understand how it happened, that the sentence turned out so advantageously to the poet. Others are of opinion that he was indebted to the justice of Dom Constantino de Braganza, who succeeded as Viceroy in 1558; and that Dom Constantino, the poet having appealed to the friendship which had existed between them, suspended his sentence, and conferred the appointment upon

him with a view to better his condition. In either case it is allowed that some part of his exile was spent at the Moluccas previous to his arrival at Macáo; and it is generally admitted that he returned to Goa in 1561.

In support of the former opinion, as to his having obtained the situation shortly after he was exiled, it may be alleged; that the new Viceroy did not arrive in India until 1558, and probably at the latter end of that year; that some time would be spent before Camoens could acquaint him with his sentence, into the justice of which he would have to enquire; and that his having, when he left Macáo, property of some consideration, which could only have been derived from the emoluments of his office, would lead to an inference that he held it a longer time than could have elapsed, if the arrival of Dom Constantino was the period of his appointment to it. If, also, this office was under the regulations which generally affected the duration of other employments abroad, as Camoens left Goa in 1556 and returned in 1561, if his voyage there, the time he spent at

the Moluccas, and an allowance for his return, are taken into consideration, the three years would be fairly accounted for.

In opposition to these conjectures, may be adduced, first the improbability that Barreto, who, to gratify either his own revenge, or that of the minions about him, had passed this unjust sentence, would alleviate the burthen thus imposed by an appointment, the profits to be derived from which would, in a measure, compensate for the disgrace: and further, the friendship of Dom Constantino for Camoens, and the excellent character which has descended to us of him, may be noticed; added to which, we have also the opinion of Dom Joze Maria de Souza, who gives the latter period as the date of his election to this office.

A Grotto is shewn at Macáo, wherein tradition reports Camoens spent great part of the time, during which he was employed on the completion of his poem: accounts of it may be seen in the works of the authors, who have recorded the proceedings of the two last embassies sent from England to China. It is still called

The Grotto of Camoens.

The above wood-cut forms part of a sketch of this celebrated retreat, which is preserved in Sir Wm Ouseley's Oriental Collections.* It is

* Vol. 1. p. 126. The sketch in the Oriental Collections gives a good idea of the surrounding country.

accompanied, in that publication, by a description of the place by the late Eyles Irwin, Esquire, who introduces the subject by an eulogy on the poet, and whose account was written in 1793. As this account refers to an incident in the life of Camoens peculiarly interesting, and conveys, at the same time that it affords a description of the Grotto, the sentiments of this author on the misfortunes of the poet, no apology is deemed necessary to the reader for introducing it into these memoirs.

" The sketch will recall to the feeling mind " the chequered lot of Genius, whose sublimity " could not preserve it from the shafts of ma- " lice, and whose degradation was only want- " ing, to complete its triumph over a perse- " cuting world! In this secluded spot he " found that peace which the Court and the " Camp had alike denied him; and to a Pa- " gan nation he was indebted for that security " which he courted in vain among the Chris- " tians of the East! At once the boast and " reproach of his country, he extended her " renown on the confines of the Pacific Ocean; " and the poem he produced in this retreat

" might make us cry out with the sympathetic " Bard—

" Yet sacred be the alien spot,
" Where, by a senseless world forgot,
" The poet charmed this distant shore
" With Epic tones unheard before
" And in a desert, doom'd to shame,
" Rear'd his pyramid of fame!
" T' Amphion's lyre so fable gives
" The magic power by which he lives.
" And oft to Fancy's pensive ear
" The son'rous notes are full and clear,
" As, coasting nigh the moonlight dell,
" The stranger kens the Poet's cell:
" Where warbled Love, or Wit the rhyme,
" Syrens from the birth of Time!
" That tempt thro' seas, with storms o'ercast,
" To Immortality at last."

" The Grotto of Camoens is pleasantly situ- " ated on the western shore of the promontory " of Macáo, and faces the harbour, which " divides it on that side from the main land. " This promontory is a narrow neck of land, " whose stony and barren surface is only ren- " dered habitable by the sea breezes that blow " from three quarters of the compass, and

" somewhat temper the natural heat of the
" climate. Of trees or verdure there is but
" a small proportion; and to the pleasure
" grounds, in which the Grotto has been en-
" closed, that proportion seems chiefly to have
" been allotted. To the taste and enthusiasm
" of Mr William Fitzhugh, one of the Com-
" pany's former Supercargos at Canton, the
" Poet is indebted for the preservation of this
" memorial of his labours; and the Public for
" the opportunity of paying their tribute at his
" shrine. A few acres have here been laid out
" to as much advantage as a singular diver-
" sity of ground, and a romantic site, within
" so narrow a compass, would admit. The
" land bordering the sea, consists of strata of
" stone, thrown here and there into a kind
" of Cromlech, whose skeleton state, from
" which the equinoxial rains have washed the
" soil, evidently denotes them to be the pro-
" ductions of nature. In the centre of the area
" a more considerable eminence appears, on
" which the principal Cromlech stands, bear-
" ing on its shoulders a temple in the Chinese
" taste, that crowns the Grotto of Camoens.

"This is merely an excavation in the rock "beneath, where a profile of the bard has "been scratched on the wall, of no further "merit than to remind us of the genius of the "place. Nothing can be more beautiful or "extensive than the view from this spot. To "the East and North it is, indeed, sheltered "by the ridge that intersects the promontory; "but, to the south, the city of Macáo, with its "steeples and castles, fills the eye, which, "glancing to the west, meets a prospect di-"versified with verdant isles, and a line of "woody and cultivated coast, bounded by the "majestic Montagna, whose pyramidical form "and dark aspect add no small charm to the "scenery of nature. From the moving ob-"jects in the harbour, which entertain for a "while, the spectator turns with anxiety to "the plantations below him, where the vigo-"rous and curious productions of the East so "enliven and adorn this picturesque retire-"ment, as to have rendered it the choice and "admiration of His Excellency Earl Macart-"ney during his short abode at Macáo."*

* Staunton's Account of the Embassy, vol. 2. p. 590.

" That a scene, and occasion like this, " should awaken the sympathy and exercise " the talent of the poetical traveller, will sur- " prise no feeling mind. To blend the effect " with the cause, and to make allowance for a " spontaneous tribute to the sufferings and " merits of the divine Camoens, is what the " author may safely expect from the literary " reader :—

SONNET.

" High-favour'd grot! that on the jutting verge
" Of Old Cathay, in shades sequester'd, plac'd,
" Saw, with the poet's form, thy pavement grac'd—
" Studious his lyre to epic heights to urge.
" This be thy fame—not that the wreath which age
" Weaves for thy region* with mysterious hands;
" Nor yet th' achievements of the daring bands,†
" Whose glory blaz'd, unrivall'd, on the stage.
" Veiled is her pride! their sun is set in shame!
" But oft the pilgrim to his cell shall stray,—
" Still find the Poet living in his lay,
" While taste and genius glow at Camoens' name.
" Still, with thy votary, strew the sill with flowers,
" Their lot far happier own, but ah! less blest their powers!

* China. † The Portuguese

Camoens, having obtained the permission of the Viceroy to return to Goa, arranged his affairs, and set out with the little fortune which he had saved from the profits of his office. That hapless fortune, however, which had hitherto made his life a scene of disappointment and misery, still pursued its votary. The ship in which he had embarked was wrecked at the mouth of the river Mecon, and he with difficulty reached the shore on a plank; having lost every thing but the manuscript of his immortal poem.

In the eightieth stanza of Canto VII. he thus pathetically describes this disaster, contrasting his situation after the accident with what it had been a few minutes before:—

Agora da esperança já adquirida,
De novo mais que nunca derribado:
Agora ás costas escapando a vida,
Que d'hum fio pendia taõ delgado,
Que naõ menos milagre foi salvar-se,
Que para o Rei Judiaco accrescentar-se.

Now blest with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave,
For ever lost:—myself escaped alone,
On the wild shore all friendless, hopeless, thrown;

> My life, like Judah's heav'n doom'd King of Yore,
> By miracle prolonged.
>
> *Mickle.*

The conduct of Camoens on this trying occasion, and the noble feeling which prompted him to attempt the salvation of his work in preference to any part of his treasure, have not escaped the notice and praise of his biographers. From the expression which has been translated

> Oh gentle Mecon, on thy FRIENDLY shore, &c.

it appears that the inhabitants of the country received him in a friendly manner, and supplied his immediate wants.

He remained some days amidst the hospitality of the natives, recovering from the effects of the shipwreck, and awaiting the arrival of some vessel which might convey him to Goa. During this residence he wrote the paraphrase of the Psalm 137.

> When we our weary limbs to rest,
> Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream, &c.

This composition, which commences that part of his Rimas which is denominated Re-

dondilhas, is highly praised by his editors and biographers. It contains thirty-seven stanzas, of which the first is as follows:—

Sobre os rios, que vaõ
Por Babylonia, me achei,
Onde sentado chorei
As lembranças de Siaõ,
E quanto nella passei.
Alli o rio corrente
De meus olhos foi manado;
E tudo bem comparado,
Babylonia ao mal presente,
Siaõ ao tempo passado.*

This beautiful Psalm, to which Camoens looked for consolation amidst the dangers which surrounded him, has been often referred to, and imitated. Waller, in praising Sir William Davenant, for his first two books of Gondibert, written in France, alluding to their having been composed in a foreign clime, has:

"The drooping Hebrew's banished harps unstrung
"At Babylon upon the willows hung."

* See also the Sonnets xxxvii. xxxviii. and xxxix. of century iii. Faria e Sousa's Edition.

Thomson too, in his ode to Æolus's Harp, writes:

" Such was the song, which Zion's children sung,
" When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint."*

Camoens arrived at Goa in 1561, and was graciously received by the Viceroy. D. Constantino was the brother of the Duke D. Theodosio de Bragança, celebrated by Camoens in the sonnets commencing:

" Os Reynos, e os Imperios poderosos"

And

" Levantai, minhas Tagides, a frente."

It is admitted by all the biographers of the poet, that this distinguished nobleman used his

* Mr Laing imagined that Mr Mc'Pherson had the Scotch version of this Psalm in his recollection in the following passages:—

" Then Gaul sat on the green banks of Lubar."

" We sat and heard the sprightly harp at Lubar's gentle " stream."

" Then Gaul and Ossian sat with Suaran, on the soft " green bank of Lubar."

Fingal.

endeavours to efface, as much as possible, the remembrance of his misfortunes, by acts of kindness and attention. Grateful for these endeavours, and justly appreciating the character of D. Constantino above that of Barreto, Camoens, shortly after his arrival, addressed to him some "Outavas" in imitation of the Epistle of Horace to Augustus. In these he disclaims having been induced, by any prospect of reward, to compose the poem, or to flatter the Viceroy. It would appear, from what the poet says, that after the relaxed system which prevailed under the government of Barreto, the more rigorous conduct of D. Constantino was not congenial to the inhabitants of Goa; and a perusal of the History of the Portuguese in Asia will shew, as I have before remarked, that the occasional endeavours of a few upright and just governors were unavailing to check the rapid progress of the decay and fall of the empire.

This production of Camoens consists of twenty stanzas, and commences with the following address to the Viceroy:—

Como nos vossos hombros taõ constantes
(Principe illustre, e raro) sustenteis
Tantos negocios arduos, e importantes,
Dignos do largo Imperio que regeis;
Como sempre nas armas rutilantes
Vestido, o mar, e a terra segureis
Do Pirata insolente, e do tyrano
Jugo do potentissimo Othomano:

E como com virtude necessaria,
Mal entendida do juizo alheo,
A' desordem do vulgo temeraria,
Na santa paz ponhais o duro freo;
Se com minha escriptura longa, e vária,
Vos occupasse o tempo, certo creo
Que com vagante, e ociosa phantasia
Contra o commum proveito peccaria.

E naõ menos seria reputado
Por doce adulador, sagaz, e agudo,
Que contra meu taõ baixo, e triste estado
Busco favor em vós que podeis tudo;
Se contra a opiniaõ do vulgo errado
Vos celebrasse em verso humilde, e rudo,
Diraõ, que com lisonja ajuda peço
Contra a miseria injusta que padeço.

Porém, porque a verdade póde tanto
No livre arbitrio, (como disse bem
Ao grão Daria o moço sabio, e santo,
Que foi reedificar Hierusalem)

Esta me obriga, que em humilde canto,
Contra a tençaõ que a plebe ignara tem,
Vos faça claro a quem vos naõ alcança;
E naõ de premio algum vil esperança.

Camoens, in the ninth stanza of these outavas, praises the loyalty of the Viceroy, who, purely for the service of the King, trusted himself amidst the storms of the ocean, when his exalted rank was a sufficient security to him against his having been called upon to undertake the office.

Sendo vós de taõ alto, e illustre preço,
A vida fostes pôr n'hum fraco lenho,
Por larga mar, e undosa tempestade,
Só por servir á Regia Magestade.

In the tenth, he describes him as curbing a people difficult of restraint, and accustomed to the licentious feebleness of the torpid government which had just ceased.

* Zorobabel—see Esdras, Chap. 3.

E despois de tomar a redea dura
Na maõ do povo indomito que estava
Costumado á largueza, e á soltura
Do pezado governo que acabava.*

After some reflections upon the irreligion which originated in the apathy of the preceding Governor, and the consequent relaxation of morals in the governed; the chief exploits of the new Viceroy are alluded to; and the remainder of the piece is taken up with an exhortation to Dom Constantino, urging him not to heed the remarks or threats of the misjudging and ungrateful: in support of which advice Camoens adduces the names and actions of several of the famed heroes of old, who, although the benefactors of the people, suffered from its prejudices.

Camoens enjoyed, under the protection of Dom Constantino, some respite from his misfortunes; and many of his lesser works testify, that in this interval he was much esteemed and

* Faria e Sousa is very desirous to avert the severe charges, which are exhibited against Barreto in this and similar passages in the works of Camoens; and brings forward his military ardour in excuse for his want of political attention.

noticed amongst the Fidalguia of India. Several of his productions were addressed to the Viceroy, or written at his request; and it was during this period he composed the little piece which we find in his works under the title of "Convite que fez na India a certos Fidalgos." He had invited to an entertainment, Vasco de Ataide, D. Francisco de Almeida, Heitor da Silveira, Joaõ Lopes Leitaõ, and Francisco de Mello; who, on uncovering their plates, discovered, in lieu of the first course of meat, a set of verses placed for each. The surprise gave occasion to considerable mirth and amusement, and the plot and the playfulness of the verses are reported to have been well gotten up and supported.

The departure of Dom Constantino, towards the end of the same year, 1561, put an end to the calm which Camoens had enjoyed; and gave his enemies another opportunity of shewing their insatiable revenge. The Conde de Redondo Dom Francisco de Coutinho, who was an admirer and the friend of Camoens, could not protect him against their accusations. Complaints were urged respecting the adminis-

tration of his office at Macáo; and, on charges of malversation, he was arrested and thrown into prison. In Canto VII. of the Lusiad, he alludes to the situation in which the calumny of his adversaries had placed him:—

> ..... Woes succeeding woes
> Belied my earnest hopes of sweet repose:
> In place of bays around my brows to shed
> Their sacred honours, o'er my destin'd head;
> Foul calumny proclaim'd the fraudful tale,
> And left me mourning in a dreary jail.
>
> A troco dos descansos que esperava,
> Das capellas de louro que me honrassem,
> Trabalhos nunca usados me inventaram,
> Com que em taõ duro estado me deitaram.

The poet proved satisfactorily, from the place of his confinement, that the charges which had been preferred against him were totally unfounded; his evil fortune, however, still pursued him, for although the explanations of his conduct removed any suspicions from him, they could not release him from his pecuniary engagements. Miguel Rodrigues Coutinho, nick-named Fios-seccos, who is re-

presented to have been a man of consequence, and very rich, detained him in custody for a trifling debt.* On this occasion, Camoens sent a request for his release in the following lines, wherein the character of this miser is ridiculed.

Que diabo he tao damnado,
Que nao tema a cutilada
Dos Fios Seccos da espada
Do féro Miguel armado?
Pois se tanto hum golpe seu
Sôa na infernal cadêa;
Do que o demonio arrecèa,
Como nao fugirei eu?

Com razao lhe fugiria,
Se contr' elle, e contra tudo,
Nao tivesse hum forte escudo
Só em Vossa Senhoria.
Por tanto, Senhor, proveja,
Pois me tem ao remo atado,
Que antes que seja embarcado,
Eu desembargado seja.

* The amount of this debt is stated by Faria e Sousa to have been only some maravedis. Dom Joze Maria de Souza calls it two hundred cruzados.

" What devil is so utterly damned as not to fear a " cut from the sword of Fios-Seccos, of the cruel Miguel " when armed? If therefore a blow from it so resounds in " the infernal prison as to make the devil himself quail, why " shall I not fly? With good reason I would fly him, if I " had not, against him and against all, a strong shield in " your Excellency. Let me therefore, Sir, be so taken care " of, since he has me tied to the oar, that before you are " embarked I may be uncaged."

Faria e Sousa writes, that the Viceroy was on the point of sailing with a splendid retinue, to celebrate the conclusion of a treaty with the Zamorin, when Camoens preferred this request, and that he was desirous to join the expedition. He, however, observes, that he had not ascertained whether he was set at liberty previous to the Viceroy's departure: but only, that he was released from confinement, and afterwards served in the armaments, as he had been accustomed to do. Dom Joze does not adduce this ground for petition: observing merely, that this appeal to the Viceroy was the first and only favour he ever asked, and that his request was not couched in any servile terms.

He remained some years in India after his liberation from prison, the winters of which he

dedicated to his compositions, and in the springs joined the various naval and military expeditions which were undertaken. It was during this latter time, after the death of the Conde de Redondo and the succession of Dom Antaõ de Noronha to the Viceroyship, that Dom Joze is inclined to suppose Camoens, having placed his last hopes in the affection of Dona Catharina de Atayde, experienced, in the death of that lady, the severest shock he had then encountered; and that the following lines have reference to that calamitous event:—

> Lembra-te tu, que só de ti esperava
> Remedio aos males meus, e enta verás
> Qual ficou quem em ti só confiava.

As we are now about to take leave of the poet as a soldier, it is proper to remark, that he is reported to have displayed, in every expedition in which he was concerned, that valour which prompted the address to his sovereign in that respectful and proper strain, which evinces a conviction of true merit:

> Para servir-vos braço as armas feito.

His companions, on their return to Portugal, commended loudly his heroic spirit, and the bravery which he shewed in the various opportunities that were afforded him of distinguishing himself in India.

Having at length completed his poem, on which he felt convinced his future reliance must entirely depend; and aware of its value, as its composition was calculated to confer so high an honour upon his country, he determined to embark for Europe, in order to lay it before the young King Dom Sebastian, from whom he hoped to receive that remuneration, to which his talents and lengthened services justly entitled him. The means of accomplishing this undertaking were not, unfortunately, within his power, as disinterestedness and an independent spirit were not qualities by which money was likely to be then acquired in India. In this emergency, whilst his mind was actively employed in canvassing how this purpose might be attained; he listened to the solicitations of Pedro Barreto, who was on the eve of departure to assume the government of Sofala, to which he had been lately appointed; and

who appeared desirous that Camoens should accompany him. Camoens, with a heart, noble in itself, and unsuspicious of the falsehood, meanness, and treachery of this officer, whose sole object was to retain our poet in his service, urged by his necessities, unluckily consented. He had, however, cause to repent, having been unsuspectingly betrayed; and soon experienced the little trust to be placed in those promises which had been held out to induce him to go to Sofala. Chagrined and disappointed, he sighed to quit a situation where his dependent and unhappy state exposed him to repeated cruelty and insult; and, as if in pity to his distress, the wished-for opportunity presented itself. Diogo de Couto, the Historian, and some of those friends whom he had known in India, arrived in the Santa Fê, on their way to Lisbon, and found him in the greatest misery. In this vessel Camoens resolved to embark for Portugal. Barreto, however, was no sooner apprised of his intention, than he determined to prevent its being carried into execution; he demanded the payment of two hundred cruzados, which he alleged he had ex-

pended on behalf of the poet; and, knowing his inability to raise the amount, fancied himself sure of his victim. The Fidalgos, who were on their return, seeing the baseness of the conduct of the governor, subscribed the sum to satisfy the demand, and released the debtor from his cruel grasp. "For this price," Manoel de Faria writes, "were sold, at the same time, "the person of Camoens and the honour of "Pedro Barreto."*

History has fortunately preserved the names of the principal benefactors of Camoens. They were Heitor da Sylveira, Duarte de Abreu, Diogo de Couto, Antonio Cabral, Antonio Serraõ, and Luiz da Veyga. With most of these he had been in habits of friendship in India, and by them he was taken free of expence to Lisbon. With Heitor da Sylveira he had been on the most intimate terms, as may be seen from his Rimas; he was one of the

* The coin is denominated Milrees by Machado, Ducats by Faria e Sousa, and Cruzados by Dom Joze Maria de Souza. The demand, however, by any of these computations, was not of any great extent.

party invited by Camoens to the entertainment which has been mentioned, where the guests were served with verses in lieu of victuals; and amongst the Redondilhas some verses are found, which were the joint production of Camoens and Sylveira, and are addressed to the Conde de Redondo. Faria e Sousa judged that Sylveira was probably the principal mover in the release of his friend; and Machado states, that he actually paid the whole demand, thereby shewing the generosity of his mind, and the firm friendship he had always felt towards the bard.

We are informed, that during his captivity at Sofala, he composed several pieces, in which are pictured the shock which his mind had received from the persecutions he had suffered; and how grievous to him his wretched and unhappy existence had become. Dom Joze Maria de Souza, who gives the above remark in his life of the poet, quotes the following sonnet as one of his compositions at this time, wherein he has pourtrayed his misery and feelings:—

SONETO.

Oh como se me alonga de anno em anno
A peregrinaçao cançada minha!
Como se encurta, e como ao fim caminha
Este meu breve e vaõ discurso humano!
Mingoado a idade vai, crescendo o dano;
Perdeo-se-me hum remedio, que inda tinha:
Se por experiencia se adivinha,
Qualquer grande esperança he grande engano.
Corro apóz este bem que naõ se alcança;
No meio do caminho me fallece;
Mil vezes caio, e perco a confiança.
Quando elle foge, eu tardo; e na tardança,
Se os olhos ergo a ver se inda apparece,
Da vista se me perde, e da esperança.

It is not improbable that, amidst the afflictions which oppressed him during his sojourn at Sofala, he wrote another sonnet, which is highly praised by his biographers, as depicting a mind overwhelmed with the deepest sorrow. I regret that I am not at liberty to disclose the name of the translator.

SONETO.

Onde acharei lugar taõ apartado,
E taõ isento em tudo da ventura,
Que, naõ digo eu de humana creatura,
Mas nem de feras seja frequentado?
Algum bosque medonho, e carregado,
Ou selva solitaria, triste, e escura,
Sem fonte clara, ou plácida verdura;
Em fim, lugar conforme a meu cuidado?
Porque alli nas entranhas dos penedos,
Em vida morto, sepultado em vida,
Me queixe copiosa, e livremente,
Que pois a minha pena he sem medida,
Alli naõ serei triste em dias lédos,
E dias tristes me faraõ contente.

SONNET.

Where shall I find a place so set apart,
So free from all that soothes the feeling heart,
That it be not to human kind alone,
But to the brute creation too, unknown?
Some frightful forest, fit for magic spells,
Or solitary wood, where sadness dwells;
No fountain clear, no verdure there be found,
But like my mind, be all the scene around!

For in stone walls, where busy mortals hive,
Dead midst the living, and entomb'd alive,
What sore affliction doth my soul endure!
Then since my pain refuses every cure,
There, joy will never chide my gloomy brow,
And days of sorrow will content me now.

Camoens is reported to have informed Diogo de Couto, on the voyage home, that he had composed the Lusiad; and to have also imparted a wish, that he would write a commentary upon it, which Couto is represented to have agreed to, and to have partly performed. Severim de Faria writes, that a letter from Couto to a friend, dated in the year 1611, is the authority on which he gives the information. Barbosa confirms this report by enumerating "Diogo de Couto, Chronista Mór da India," amongst the commentators on the Lusiad.

In the Eighth Decade* of his work, the meeting with Camoens at Moçambique, and another work, which it would appear, had engaged the attention of the Portuguese poet, are thus

* Cap. 26. p. 404. Ed. Lisb. folio, 1736. Tom, iii.

mentioned by Couto. " At Moçambique, we " found that prince of the poets of his time, " my messmate and friend Luis de Camoens, " so poor, that he was supported by his " friends; and, to enable him to embark for " the Kingdom, we furnished him with such " clothes as he stood in need of, and took care " that he should not want provisions. In the " winter that he passed at Moçambique, he pre- " pared his Lusiad for the press; and wrote " much in a book he was making, which was " entitled Parnasso de Luis de Camoēs, a " work of great erudition, learning, and philo- " sophy, which was stolen from him; and " concerning which, although I made much " enquiry, I could never hear any thing in the " Kingdom. It was a remarkable theft: and " this excellent poet died in Portugal in real " poverty."

The work thus mentioned is believed by Dom Joze to have been a collection of his poems, which are generally denominated the Rimas of Camoens; and this idea is much more likely than the conjecture of Faria e Sousa, who supposed that it was totally a new

production, consisting of prose and verse, and that he himself had, when a child, been instrumental to its destruction and loss. He writes, "My grandfather, Estacio de Faria, was a "man of genius, and wrote poetry with con- "siderable ability. At his death, some papers "became the property of my mother, and "amongst them a manuscript book of nearly "a quire of paper, and consisting of prose and "verse. This book I lost when a child. When "I grew up, I supposed it had contained "some of my grandfather's compositions; but "afterwards, when I had attentively read the "works of Luis de Camoens, I recollected "some of the passages, and it appeared to "me reasoning from the style, that it was "written by my poet. This might not have "been impossible, because, friends as the poet "and my grandfather were, he might, on the "death of Camoens, have become possessed of "this book. Whatever the case might have "been, the book of Camoens has not as yet "appeared."*

* Machado, in his Bibliotheca Lusitana, Tomo iii, p. 76, has the following remark concerning this manuscript: "Luis

Faria e Sousa, in his Asia Portuguesa, notices this volume, as also the situation of Camoens at Sofala, and his release therefrom. " *In this year (1569) was in Sofala, the sin-

" de Camoens imparted this work to Diogo de Couto, Chro-
" nista Mor da India, in the year 1568, as he writes in his
" Decade 8. Cap. 28 (26) &c." And again, " Of this work
" Manoel de Faria makes mention in the second part of the
" Fuentes de Aganip. in the Advertencias to the Fabula de
" Gelia e Flaminia. n. 5; and in the Asia Portuguesa, tom. 2,
" part 3, cap. 4. n. 15."

* " Este ano se hallava en Zofala el singularmente valido
" del Cielo y ajado de los Hombres Luis de Camoens, Terror
" de los Poetas vulgares de Europa. Hallandose pobrissimo
" en la India (adonde militò 16 anos) y ofreciendole bonan-
" ças Pedro Barreto que passava a ser capitan de aquella
" plaza (sin acordarse de lo mal que le avia tratado este
" apellido, pues Francisco Barreto le avia arrojado a la China)
" se fue con el. Mas como promessas de Hombres ordina-
" riamente son vanas, como fundadas en caprichos de que
" luego varian; el Poeta experimentandolo, tomò por resolu-
" cion entrarse en una nave que alli avia llegado de passaje
" para el Reyno, en que veniau Etor de Silveira, Antonio
" Cabral, Luis de Vega, Duarte de Abreu, Antonio Ferran,
" y otros Cavelleros. Però estando de acuerdo con ellos lo
" experimentò mejor; porque Pedro Barreto que no le avia
" hecho aquellas promessas para mejorarle con executarlas,
" sino para entretenerse con la grandeza de su ingenio

" gularly favoured by heaven and abused by " man Luis de Camoens, the terror of the " common poets of Europe. Being extremely " poor in India, (where he had been a soldier " sixteen years), and Pedro Barreto, who was " then going as Captain to that place, offering " him favours, he, not regarding the ills which " he had already suffered from persons of that " name, Francisco Barreto having exiled him " to China, set out to Sofala. But as the " promises of men are in general vain, and " proceed from caprices which do not last; " the poet, experiencing this, resolved to em- " bark in a ship that was then going to the

" (lastimosa desgracia que un hombre a quien Dios hizo " grande sin potencia, se vea reduzido a depender, y ser " entretenimiento de otros a quien la Fortuna hizo poderosos " sin grandeza!) viendo que se iva le pediò como deuda " dozientos ducados que con èl (dixo) avia gastado en traerle " a aquella Plaça: y essos Cavalleros que le querian traer la " rescataron, y le truxieron. De manera que aun mismo " tiempo la Persona de Luis de Camones, y la gloria de " Pedro Barreto fueron vendidas por esso precio. Alli avia " dado fin a su immortal Poema, y principio a otro libro, que " se intitulava el Parnaso. Entrò en Lisboa el ano 1569. " en que toda ella estava ardiendo en peste."

" Kingdom, and in which were Etor de Sil-
" veira, Antonio Cabral, Luis de Vega, Duarte
" de Abreu, Antonio Ferran, and other Ca-
" valiers. Having agreed to accompany them,
" he further experienced the truth of the above
" remark: for Pedro Barreto, who had not
" made these promises to ameliorate his con-
" dition, with the intention of carrying them
" into effect, but to gratify himself with the
" grandeur of the poet's genius, (lasting dis-
" grace, that a person whom God had created
" great, yet without power, should see himself
" reduced to depend upon, and to be the
" amusement of others, to whom fortune had
" dispensed power without greatness) having
" discovered Camoens's intention of leaving
" Sofala, demanded of him two hundred du-
" cats; a sum which he stated he had ex-
" pended in bringing him there. These Ca-
" valiers, however, who were desirous that
" he should go with them, paid the money and
" brought him away; so that at the same time
" the person of Luis de Camoens and the
" glory of Pedro Barreto were sold for this
" price. He had then finished his immortal

" poem, and had commenced another book, " which was called Parnaso. He arrived at " Lisbon in 1569, during which year the " plague was raging."

The arrival of Camoens in Lisbon was at a time most unfortunate and unpropitious for the speedy appearance of his poem. The city was desolated with an awful visitation of the plague, and the attention of every one was naturally engaged in devising means of safety and escape from its ravages; the young King also, to whose approbation he looked with confidence for support, was frequently changing his residence. These circumstances afforded the poet very little chance of presenting the Lusiad to Sebastian, and securing for it that notice and protection, under which he intended it should appear.

Dom Joze Maria de Souza imputes great blame, with regard to the treatment of Camoens on his arrival, to the ministers and favourites of the Monarch, whom, on account of his youth, he is desirous of exculpating. To some of these persons, who had counselled Sebastian to withdraw the reins of government from

his uncle, the Cardinal Dom Henrique, before he knew how to bridle his youthful passions, and who had also, under the pretence of avoiding the plague, but really with a view to detach the Monarch from the care of his natural guardians, urged him to travel in the provinces, and keep at a distance from the capital; the honourable and wholesome advice to the sovereign, and the enlarged and liberal ideas of the poet were not likely to be very palatable. In support of the accusation, Dom Joze adduces the pitiful pension granted by Sebastian; when, at length, he had an opportunity of knowing the merits of the poem. The Father Luis Gonçalves da Camara, the King's Confessor, and his brother Martin Gonçalves da Camara, the Private Secretary of Sebastian, are particularly censured, and charged with having biassed his mind; and to the latter is alleged, the suggestion to limit the pension to its narrow bounds, and to impose, with the grant, the terms which accompanied it.

Admitting that to the counsel, originally given by these brothers, and those persons who

were associated with them round the Monarch, to assume the government when his mind was not sufficiently matured for so important a station, may be attributed the fatal result of the expedition to Africa; yet, if any apology can be produced for their conduct, as far as respects the poet, it would be injustice to their memory to withhold it from the public. These persons probably repented when they saw the head-strong course pursued by Sebastian, and the discontent which the preparations for his intended expedition produced amongst the people; and from that repentance may have arisen the neglect and miserable end of Camoens. If such was the case, although the Poet suffered, and his fate calls for our deepest sympathy and regret, that fate may have been in some measure decided by the circumstances of the times, and part of the odium attached to the persons alluded to may consequently be undeserved. We find, on referring to Machado's Memoirs of Sebastian, that Luis Gonçalves da Camara strenuously exerted himself to dissuade the King from the enterprise, and that the failure in his solicitations is stated to

have caused his death, an event which Sebastian sincerely deplored. May it not, therefore, have operated upon the minds of this Confessor, and of those immediately about the person of the Monarch, that a poem, setting forth such brilliant exploits and achievements as the Lusiad pictured, and containing the address which appears in it to Sebastian, was more calculated to inflame the ardour of a young and chivalrous Prince, than to encourage reflection on the risk attending the execution of the meditated descent upon Africa, and the consequences which might result from the failure of the armament. The aversion which was generally evinced by persons best able to judge of the expedition, and by the nation, might have led these ministers to suppose it their duty then, however they might have been instrumental before in misguiding the steps of Sebastian, to shew as little countenance to the work as they could avoid, considering that the King was to be its avowed protector. Although far from questioning the justice of the complaints of the poet, and that of feeling in his favour

which has almost ever since his unhappy death, condemned the neglect shewn by his country towards a person, who was one of her greatest ornaments, I have deemed it proper to offer the above remarks as to the peculiar state of the times, when this imputed blame attached.

No information has reached us as to the means by which Camoens was supported during the interval between his arrival in 1569, and the appearance of the Lusiad, which, after a period of two years, spent, as may be conjectured, in revising it, and obtaining the patronage of Sebastian, was first given to the world in 1572. It is a little remarkable, that Faria e Sousa, Ignacio Ferreira, and other biographers of Camoens, have stated that the Royal Alvara or Grant of Copyright bore date on the fourth day of September, 1571; whereas, its real date is the twenty-fourth day of the same month and year; a fact, which betrays a great degree of carelessness and negligence on their parts.

The dedication of the poem to Sebastian is contained in the following lines from Canto I. st. vi. to and including st. xviii. The prophecy

contained in them was, unfortunately, never fulfilled.*

E vós, ó bem nascida segurança
Da Lusitana antigua liberdade,
E naõ menos certissima esperança
De augmento da pequena Christandade:
Vós, ó novo temor da Maura lança,
Maravilha fatal da nossa idade;
Dada ao Mundo por Deos, que todo o mande,
Para do Mundo a Deos dar parte grande:

Vós tenro e novo ramo florecente
De huma arvore de Christo mais amada
Que nenhuma nascida no Occidente,
Cesarea, ou Christianissima chamada:
Vede-o no vosso escudo, que presente
Vos amostra a victoria já passada;
Na qual vos deo por armas, e deixou
As que elle para si na Cruz tomou:

* The reader will find the translation of these lines by Mr Mickle. Lusiad, Canto I.

And thou, O born the pledge of happier days,

To the line—

And all their conquests meet thy wondering eyes.

Vós, poderoso Rei, cujo alto imperio
O Sol logo em nascendo vê primeiro;
Ve-o tambem no meio do hemispherio;
E quando desce o deixa derradeiro:
Vós, que esperamos jugo, e vituperio
Do torpe Ismaelita cavalleiro,
Do Turco oriental, e do Gentio,
Que inda bebe o licor do sancto rio.

Inclinai por hum pouco a magestade
Que nesse tenro gesto vos contemplo;
Que já se mostra qual na inteira idade,
Quando subindo ireis ao eterno templo.
Os olhos da Real benignidade
Ponde no chão: vereis hum novo exemplo
De amor dos patrios feitos valerosos
Em versos divulgado numerosos.

Vereis amor da patria, naõ movido
De premio vil; mas alto, e quasi eterno:
Que naõ he premio vil ser conhecido
Por hum pregaõ do ninho meu paterno.
Ouvi; vereis o nome engrandecido
Daquelles de quem sois Senhor superno:
E julgareis qual he mais excellente,
Se ser do mundo Rei, se de tal gente.

Ouvi; que naõ vereis com vãas façanhas,
Phantasticas, fingidas, mentirosas,
Louvar os vossos, como nas estranhas
Musas, de engrandecer-se desejosas:

As verdadeiras vossas saõ tamanhas,
Que excedem as sonhadas, fabulosas;
Que excedem Rhodamonte, e o vão Rogeiro,
E Orlando, indaque fora verdadeiro.

Por estes vos darei hum Nuno fero,
Que fez ao Rei, e ao Reino tal serviço;
Hum Egas, hum Dom Fuas, que de Homero
A cithara para elles só cobiço.
Pois pelos doze Pares dar-vos quero
Os doze de Inglaterra, e o seu Magriço:
Dou-vos tambem aquelle illustre Gama,
Que para si de Eneas toma a fama.

Pois se a troco de Carlos Rei de França,
Ou de Cesar quereis igual memoria,
Vede o primeiro Afonso, cuja lança
Escura faz qualquer estranha gloria:
E aquelle, que a seu Reino a segurança
Deixou co'a grande e prospera victoria;
Outro Joanne invicto Cavalleiro;
O quarto e quinto Afonsos, e o terceiro.

Nem deixaraõ meus versos esquecidos
Aquelles que nos Reinos lá da Aurora,
Se fizeram por armas tão subidos,
Vossa bandeira sempre vencedora:
Hum Pacheco fortissimo; e os temidos
Almeidas, por quem sempre o Tejo chora;
Albuquerque terribil, Castro forte;
E outros em quem poder na teve a morte.

E em quanto eu estes canto, e a vós naõ posso,
Sublime Rei, que naõ me atrevo a tanto,
Tomai as redeas vós do reino vosso,
Dareis materia a nunca ouvido canto.
Comecem a sentir o pezo grosso
(Que pelo Mundo todo faça espanto)
De exercitos, e feitos singulares,
De Africa as terras, e do Oriente os mares.

Em vós os olhos tem o Mouro frio,
Em quem vê seu exicio affigurado:
So com vos ver o barbaro Gentio
Mostra o pescoço ao jugo já inclinado:
Tethys, todo o ceruleo senhorio
Tem para vós por dote aparelhado;
Que affeiçoada ao gesto bello, e tenro,
Deseja de comprar-vos para genro.

Em vós se vem da Olympica morada,
Dos dous Avós as almas cá famosas;
Huma na paz angelica dourada,
Outra pelas batalhas sanguinosas:
Em vós esperam ver-se renovada
Sua memoria, e obras valerosas:
E lá vos tem lugar no fim da idade,
No Templo da suprema eternidade.

Mas em quanto este tempo passa lento
De regerdes os povos, que o desejam,
Dai vós favor ao novo atrevimento,
Para que estes meus versos vossos sejam

E vereis ir cortando o salso argento
Os vossos Argonautas; porque vejam
Que sao vistos de vós no mar irado:
E costumai-vos já a ser invocado.

In Canto x. st. cxlv. to the end of the poem, we find another appeal to the youthful Monarch, wherein Camoens alludes to his own services:—

No mais, Musa, no mais, que a lyra tenho
Destemperada, e a voz enrouquecida;
E nao do canto, mas de ver que venho
Cantar a gente surda, e endurecida.
O favor com que mais se accende o engenho,
Naõ no dá a patria, nao, que esta mettida
No gosto da cobiça, e na rudeza
D'huma austera, apagada, e vil tristeza.

E nao sei porque influxo de destino
Naõ tem hum ledo orgulho, e geral gosto,
Que os animos levanta de contino,
A ter para trabalhos ledo o rosto.
Por isso vos, o Rei, que por divino
Conselho estais no regio solio posto,
Olhai que sois (e vede as outras gentes)
Senhor so de vassallos excellentes.

Olhai que ledos vao, por varias vias,
Quaes rompentes leões, e bravos touros,

Dando os corpos a fomes, e a vigias,
A ferro, a fogo, a settas, e pelouros:
A quentes Regiões, a plagas frias,
A golpes de Idolátras, e de Mouros,
A perigos incognitos do mundo,
A naufragios, a peixes, ao profundo:

Por vos servir a tudo apparelhados,
De vós tão longe sempre obedientes,
A quaesquer vossos asperos mandados,
Sem dar resposta, promptos e contentes:
Só com saber que são de vós olhados,
Demonios infernaes, negros, e ardentes,
Commetterão comvosco, e não duvido
Que vencedor vos façam, não vencido.

Favorecei-os logo, e alegrai-os
Com a presença, e leda humanidade;
De rigorosas leis desalivai-os,
Que assi se abre o caminho á sanctidade:
Os mais exprimentados levantai-os,
Se com a experiencia tem bondade,
Para vosso conselho, pois que sabem
O como, o quando, e onde as cousas cabem.

Todos favorecei em seus officios,
Segundo tem das vidas o talento:
Tenham Religiosos, exercicios
De rogarem por vosso regimento,
Com jejuns, disciplina, pelos vicios
Communs, toda ambição terão por vento;

Que o bom Religioso verdadeiro,
Gloria vãa naõ pretende, nem dinheiro.

Os Cavalleiros tende em muita estima,
Pois com seu sangue intrepido, e fervente,
Estendem naõ somente a Lei de cima,
Mas inda vosso imperio preeminente:
Pois aquelles que a taõ remoto clima
Vos vaõ servir com passo diligente,
Dous inimigos vencem, huns os vivos,
E, o que he mais, os trabalhos excessivos.

Fazei, Senhor, que nunca os admirados
Alemães, Gallos, Italos, e Inglezes,
Possam dizer, que saõ para mandados,
Mais que para mandar, os Portuguezes.
Tomai conselhos só de exprimentados,
Que víram largos annos, largos mezes;
Que postoque em scientes muito cabe,
Mais em particular o experto sabe.

De Phormiaõ philosopho elegante
Vereis como Annibal escarnecia,
Quando das artes bellicas diante
Delle com larga voz tratava e lia.
A disciplina militar prestante
Naõ se apprende, Senhor, na phantasia,
Sonhando, imaginando, ou estudando,
Senaõ vendo, tratando, e pelejando.

Mas eu que fallo humilde, baixo e rudo,
De vós não conhecido, nem sonhado?
Da boca dos pequenos sei com tudo,
Que o louvor sahe ás vezes acabado:
Nem me falta na vida honesto estudo,
Com longa experiencia misturado;
Nem engenho, que aqui vereis presente,
Cousas que juntas se acham raramente.

Para servir-vos, braço ás armas feito;
Para cantar-vos, mente ás Musas dada;
Só me fallece ser a vós acceito,
De quem virtude deve ser prezada:
Se me isto o Ceo concede, e o vosso peito
Digna empreza tomar de ser cantada,
Como a presaga mente vaticina,
Olhando a vossa inclinaçaõ divina:

Ou fazendo que mais que a de Medusa
A vista vossa tema o monte Atlante,
Ou rompendo nos campos de Ampelusa
Os Mouros de Marrocos, e Trudante;
A minha já estimada, e leda Musa,
Fico que em todo o mundo de vós cante,
De sorte que Alexandro em vós se veja,
Sem á dita de Achilles ter inveja.

The appearance of the Lusiad, the first modern Epic Poem, was hailed as a new era in poetry; and that the impression which it made

was considerable, is clearly shewn by the reprint of it in the same year in which it was published; as also by an anecdote mentioned by Manoel Correa, and more fully given by Machado.* Pedro da Costa Perestrello, a Secretary of the King, a poet of some celebrity at the time, the contemporary of Camoens, and who had held the rank of captain in the battle of Lepanto, composed a poem on the same subject as the work of Camoens, which bore the following title:—"Descobrimento de Vasco da Gama," and contained sixteen Cantos in ottava rima. He relinquished, however, the idea of publishing it, after he had seen the Lusiad.

Notwithstanding the glory which Portugal acquired by the poem of Camoens, and its dedication to Sebastian, who is represented by his biographers to have been a prince of a generous disposition, the pension granted to the bard was only fifteen thousand reis, which, according to the exchange at par between this country and Portugal, would produce only

* Machado Bibl. Lusit. Tomo iii. p. 571.

four pounds three shillings and ninepence; and which would, supposing money to have then exceeded its present value five times, have been worth little more than twenty pounds. The grant of this pension was also accompanied by conditions, one of which, in other pecuniary circumstances than those to which Camoens was reduced, might have been pleasing to him. This obligation was, that he should reside at Court, whether to better his fortunes, or from the idea that the Court would receive an acquisition from his presence and talents, we are not informed. But the most remarkable condition attached to the pension was, the necessity imposed of obtaining a new Alvara or decree for its payment, every six months.*

The advice to Sebastian at the end of the Lusiad, at the same time that it conveys a censure on the neglect of genius and talent, evinces the great anxiety of Camoens for the welfare of his country. Determined as Sebastian was upon his expedition to Africa, we find

* Dom Joze Maria de Souza. Manoel Correa, in his address, which precedes his Commentary on the Lusiad, states it "every three years."

the poet conceding to him the point; and, although he might not anticipate so fearful a result, yet, probably apprehensive for the fate of the enterprise, wishing him success. The several instances of rash and inconsiderate valour which had been shewn by the young King, previous to the sailing of this armament, must have come to the knowledge of Camoens; and in various passages, which leave little doubt of their having been introduced into the poem after his return from India, the government and advisers of the Monarch are evidently alluded to with marked displeasure. In these, are also frequently included, strong expressions against the injustice with which he had been treated; and the neglect which he had experienced from those, who ought to have been his patrons and protectors. The Cantos V. and VII.* particularly disclose the complaints of Camoens, and from the beautiful, although not quite faithful, translations of Mr Mickle, the English reader may form an idea of the energy and force of the original. In Canto V. he writes:—

* Canto V. St. 92—Canto VII. St. 79.

Alas, on Tago's hapless shores alone
The muse is slighted, and her charms unknown;
For this, no Virgil here attunes the lyre,
No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.
On Tago's shores are Scipios, Cæsars born,
And Alexanders Lisboa's clime adorn,
But Heaven has stampt them in a rougher mould,
Nor gave the polish to their genuine gold.
Careless and rude, or to be known or know,
In vain to them the sweetest numbers flow:
In vain to them their native poet sings,
And cold neglect weighs down the muse's wings,
Even he, whose veins the blood of Gama warms,
Walks by, unconscious of the muse's charms.
For him no muse shall leave her golden loom,
No palm shall blossom, and no wreath shall bloom:
Yet shall my labours and my cares be paid,
By fame immortal, and by Gama's shade:
Him shall the song on every shore proclaim,
The first of heroes, first of naval fame.
Rude and ungrateful though my country be,
This proud example shall be taught by me,
" Where'er the hero's worth demands the skies,
" To crown that worth some generous bard shall rise."

And in Canto VII. pursues the same strain:—

Ah, see what letter'd patron-lords are yours!
Dull as the herds that graze their flowery dales,
To them in vain the injured muse bewails:

No fostering care their barbarous hands bestow,
Though to the muse their fairest fame they owe.
Ah, cold may prove the future priest of fame
Taught by my fate: yet will I not disclaim
Your smiles, ye muses of Mondego's shade,
Be still my dearest joy your happy aid!
And hear my vow; nor King, nor loftiest peer,
Shall e'er from me the song of flattery hear;
Nor crafty tyrant, who in office reigns,
Smiles on his King, and binds the land in chains;
His King's worst foe: nor he whose raging ire,
And raging wants, to shape his course, conspire;
True to the clamours of the blinded crowd,
Their changeful Proteus, insolent and loud;
Nor he whose honest mien secures applause,
Grave though he seem, and father of the laws,
Who, but half-patriot, niggardly denies,
Each other's merit, and withholds the prize:
Who spurns the muse, nor feels the raptured strain,
Useless by him esteem'd, and idly vain;
For him, for these, no wreath my hand shall twine;
On other brows th' immortal rays shall shine:
He who the path of honour ever trod,
True to his King, his Country, and his God,
On his blest head my hands shall fix the crown
Wove of the deathless laurels of renown.

Sebastian, confident that his ill-advised invasion would be attended with brilliant and complete success, took in his retinue a poet, who,

in a heroic poem, should record for posterity, the victories and deeds of valour, by which the conquests he meditated were to be ensured. The frame and mind of Camoens were, at the time of the embarkation of the troops, broken down by misery and misfortune; had these obstructions not been in the way, it is not improbable that Sebastian, aware of his genius and poetical attainment, would have chosen him to have accompanied the expedition. To fill this important situation, Diogo Bernardes, a poet celebrated for his minor poetical compositions, and whose history is peculiarly interwoven with that of Camoens, was selected. Bernardes was a native of Ponte de Barca, situate on the River Lima,* and is entitled, according to Nicolas Antonio, on account of his sweet and elegant verses, to the appellation of the Prince of Pastoral Poetry. Faria e Sousa admits his talent in the depart-

* " ..... and on the banks
Of Lima, through whose groves in after years,
Mournful, yet sweet, Diogo's amorous lute,
Prolong'd its tuneful echoes."

Southey's Roderick.

ment abovementioned, but observes, that he was totally unfitted for his intended task. The same writer has exhibited also against him, the serious charge of having taken undue advantage of the state in which the lesser poems of Camoens were left at his death, and of having appropriated to himself several of his sonnets, some entirely, and others with trifling variations. It would be, at this time, nearly impossible to come to any decision respecting this point: the poems in question were certainly published in the works of Bernardes as his productions, but they also appear as the compositions of Camoens, and have regularly descended to us as such. Mr Southey has thus noticed Bernardes in a note:—"Diogo Bernardes, one of the best of the Portuguese poets, was born on the banks of the Lima, and passionately fond of its scenery. Some of his poems will bear comparison with the best poems of their kind. There is a charge of plagiarism against him for having printed several of Camoens' sonnets as his own; to obtain any proof upon this subject would be very difficult; this, however, is certain, that

" his own undisputed productions resemble " them so closely in affecting tenderness, and " in sweetness of diction, that the whole ap- " pear like the works of one author."*

In my account of the Rimas of Camoens will be found the particulars of this alleged theft, which is not mentioned either by Machado† or Nicolas Antonio.‡

Bernardes, previous to the departure of the expedition, composed the following sonnet, in which the conquest of Africa, and the success of Sebastian are predicted. It is addressed to a standard, consecrated for the occasion with great pomp, and on which was pictured the crucifixion of Christ.

Ao Estandarte que levou El Rey
Na jornada de Africa, no qual hia Christo Crucificado.

SONETO.

Pois armarse por Christo naõ duvida
Sebastiaõ, graõ Rey de Portugal;
E o leva por guia: no sinal
De nossa Redempçaõ, de eterna vida,

* Southey's Roderick the Last of the Goths.
† Bibliot. Lusit. ‡ Bibliot. Hispana.

Deixar naõ podes de te ver vencida,
Africa, a tal esforço, a insignia tal,
Inda que por Anteo, e Anibal
Fosses (como mãi sua) defendida.
Se naõ queres sintir, com novo damno,
A perda, qu' inda em ti Cartago chora
D'um aceita o governo, e d'outro a ley;
Que pois o valor nobre Lusitano
Foi sempre vencedor, que far' agora
Diante de tal Deos, e de tal Rey?

It is remarkable, that on the page next to that which contains this sonnet, as if intended to shew the uncertainty of any human undertaking, the Elegies commence, wherein, Bernardes as a captive, contrasts his then fate with his former happiness; blames the culpable rashness of Sebastian in having sacrificed, for his private aggrandisement, the safety of the public; and mentions the account, which that Monarch will have to give for the improvident shedding of so much blood. The whole of the first Elegy, written under these circumstances, is peculiarly pathetic, and the appeals to his country are beautiful and plaintive. He commences—

Eu que livre cantei ao som das agoas
Do saudoso, brando, e claro Lima,
Hora gostos d'amor, outr' hora magoas,
Agora ao som do ferro que lastima
O descuberto pé, choro cativo
Onde choro nam val, nem amor s'estima.

" I, who free, sang to the sound of the waters of the " lovely, gentle, and clear Lima, one hour the pleasures, " and another hour the disquiets of love; now, to the sound " of the chain which wounds my uncovered foot, a captive, " weep, where weeping avails not, and where love is value- " less."

Bernardes obtained his liberty, and, dying at Lisbon in the year 1596, was interred in the same church wherein the remains of Camoens, to whose memory he had written a sonnet, in which he gives considerable praise to his poetical rival, had some years previously been placed.*

If, amidst the extensive preparations and the hurry which attended the equipment and sailing of the armament to the shores of Africa, Camoens remained unnoticed by Sebastian;

* The best edition of the works of Bernardes was published at Lisbon in 1761—1770, in three small volumes.

we are informed that the Bard continually had the Monarch in his remembrance, and felt much interested in his safety, and for the success of his enterprise. Manoel Severim de Faria and Machado write, that the information of the Monarch's death much affected Camoens, and increased the malady under which he was then labouring; and they also state, that it was his intention to have celebrated the achievements of Sebastian in another Epic Poem, if life and better fortune had been the result of the expedition. With respect to this latter assertion, it is not likely that Camoens would indulge in such a futile project, as his infirmities were then hurrying him with rapid progress to the grave. It is probable that the confusion and the derangement of the public affairs, in consequence of the distressing news of the disasters in Africa, would stop the further payment of the pension of Camoens, if it had, up to that time, regularly issued from the treasury.

Camoens, after the publication of the Lusiad, passed the rest of his life at Lisbon, "No "conhecimento de muitos e conversaçaõ de

" poucos," in the knowledge of many, and in the society of few. He still, however, possessed one source of comfort, the only one which he enjoyed, in the acquaintance and conversation of some learned men who belonged to the Convent of Sam Domingos de Lisboa; the residence of Camoens being near to that establishment, and also to the church of Santa Anna.

For some time previous to his death, he was in so abject a state of poverty, as to be dependent for subsistence upon the exertions of a faithful servant. Antonio, a native of Java, whom he had brought with him from India, was accustomed to beg by night for the bread which was to save his wretched master from perishing by want the next day. Mr Mickle has poetically supposed that Camoens took himself a station on the bridge of Alcantara, to ask the alms of charitable passengers; and has written a sonnet wherein the poet is so pictured.

Oft as at pensive eve I pass the brook
Where Lisboa's Maro, old and suppliant stood,
Fancy his injured eld and sorrows rude
Brought to my view. 'Twas night; with cheerless look

Methought he bow'd the head in languid mood,
As pale with penury in darkling nook
Forlorn he watch'd. Sudden the skies partook
A mantling blaze, and warlike forms intrude.
Here Gama's semblance braves the boiling main,
And Lusitania's warriors hurl the spear;
But whence that flood of light that bids them rear
Their lofty brows! From thy neglected strain,
Camoens, unseen by vulgar eye it flows;
That glorious blaze, to thee, thy thankless country owes.

Camoens was applied to, during his last days of affliction, by a Fidalgo named Ruy Dias da Camara,* who came to his miserable dwelling to complain of the non-fulfiment of a promise, made him by the bard, of a translation of the penitential Psalms. To this complaint, urged with an anxiety at which the ingenuous mind of Camoens revolted, the suffering poet replied: Quando eu fiz aquellos cantos, era mancebo, farto, namorado, e querido de muitos amigos, e damas, o que me dava calor poetico; agora naõ tenho espirito, nem contentamento para nada: ahi está o meu Iáo que me pede

* He is called Ruy Gonçalves da Camara, by Faria e Sousa and others.

duas moedas para carvaõ, e eu naõ as tenho para lhas dar. " When I wrote verses, I was " young, had sufficient food, was a lover, and " was beloved by many friends and by the la- " dies; therefore I felt poetical ardour: now I " have no spirits, no peace of mind: behold " there my Javanese, who asks me for two " pieces to purchase coals, and I have them " not to give him."

Misery and suffering at length subdued his constitution, and rendered him incapable of further personal exertion. He appears to have been perfectly aware of his hapless condition, and prepared for his approaching decease, and about this time, wrote or dictated a letter, wherein is contained the following expression: Quem jamais ouvio dizer que em taõ pequeno theatro, como o de um pobre leito, quizesse a fortuna representar taõ grandes desventuras? E eu, como se ellas naõ bastassem, me ponho ainda da sua parte; porque procurar resistir a tantos males pareceria desavergonhamento. " Who ever heard, that in so small a theatre " as that of a poor bed, fortune should wish " to represent such great misfortunes? And I,

" as if they were not sufficient, place myself on " her side, because to endeavour to resist such " ills would appear effrontery."

I have, in the former part of this work, mentioned another letter, which is said to have been the last which he composed; and to have been written, when he was at the point of death. In this his attachment to his country is displayed in the strongest light, and in it the expression he uses on learning the fatal disaster which had overthrown Sebastian, "at least I shall die with it," alluding to his country, is worthy of the noblest mind.

Camoens, when death at last put an end to a life which misfortune and neglect had rendered insupportable, was denied the solace of having his faithful Antonio to close his eyes. Having survived the publication of his poem seven years, and aged only fifty-five, he breathed his last in the Hospital to which he had been taken, and to which the poor were usually removed for cure. This event occurred in 1579, but so little regard was paid to the comfort or memory of this great man, that the sheet in which they shrouded him was obtained

from the house of Dom Francisco de Portugal, and the day and month in which he expired must now for ever remain unknown.

Some of his biographers have asserted, and have endeavoured to prove, that the story of his dying in an hospital must have originated in error. It is now, however, put almost beyond doubt, by the entry discovered in a copy of the first edition of the Lusiad, now in the possession of Lord Holland. This literary curiosity, which was the property of a friar, Josepe Indio, who left it in the Convent of the bare-footed Carmelites of Guadalaxara, contains the following note, written by Josepe, and which would lead us to conclude that he had been a witness to the dying scene of the poet, and had received this volume from his hands.* Que cosa mas lastimosa que ver un

* The fate of Pacheco so feelingly lamented by Camoens in the tenth Canto, st. xxii, &c. of the Lusiad, may, without impropriety, be applied to that of the Portuguese bard.

" Ah! Belisarius, injured Chief, she cries,
Ah! wipe thy tears; in war thy rival see,
Injur'd Pacheco falls despoil'd like thee;

tan grande ingenio mal logrado! yo lo bi morir en un hospital en Lisboa, sin tener una sauana con que cubrirse, despues de auer triunfado en la India oriental y de auer nauegado 5500 leguas por mar: que auiso tan grande para los que de noche y de dia se cançan estudiando sin provecho como la arana en urdir tellas para cazar moscas. " What a " lamentable thing to see so great a genius so " ill rewarded! I saw him die in an hospital " in Lisbon, without having a sheet (shroud)

In him, in thee dishonour'd virtue bleeds,
And valour weeps to view her fairest deeds,
Weeps o'er Pacheco, where, forlorn, he lies
Low on an alms-house bed, and friendless dies.
Yet shall the muses plume his humble bier,
And ever o'er him pour th' immortal tear;
Though by the King, alone to thee unjust,
Thy head, great chief, was humbled in the dust,
Loud shall the muse indignant sound thy praise,
" Thou gavest thy Monarch's throne its proudest blaze."
While round the world the Sun's bright car shall ride,
So bright shall shine thy name's illustrious pride;
Thy Monarch's glory, as the Moon's pale beam,
Eclips'd by thine, shall send a sickly gleam,
Such meed attends when soothing flattery sways,
And blinded state its sacred trust betrays.

" to cover him, after having triumphed in the " East Indies, and sailed 5500 leagues! What " good advice for those, who weary themselves " night and day in study without profit, as the " spider weaves its webs to catch flies."

That he died in an hospital has been asserted by Machado; and Dom Joze Maria de Souza gives it as his opinion that this entry in the volume above-mentioned is conclusive evidence of the fact. After his decease, the body was removed to the Church of Santa Anna, where it was consigned to the tomb without any record to mark the place of his sepulture.

We have the following account of the personal appearance of Camoens, in the life written by Manoel Severim de Faria:—" He was " of a middle stature; his face full, and his " countenance a little lowering; his nose long, " raised in the middle, and large at the end. " He was much disfigured by the loss of his " right eye. Whilst young, his hair was so " yellow, as to resemble saffron.* Although

* The similarity between the colour of the hair of Camoens and that of Tasso has been noticed by the biographer of the latter bard. Dr Black writes, that " it will seem lu-

" his appearance was not perhaps prepossess-
" ing, his manners and conversation were
" pleasing and cheerful, as may be inferred
" from his motes and glosas. He was after-
" wards a prey to melancholy; was never mar-
" ried, and left no child."*

In addition to the foregoing account of his personal appearance, the Character of Camoens has been thus summed up by Dom Joze Maria de Souza:—" When in company he was not
" reserved, but, on the contrary, jovial and
" jocose, until, weighed down by adversity, he
" became melancholy. The tenderness and
" sensibility of his heart are evinced in his
" poems, and in the delicate and so lively pas-
" sion which he felt for Dona Catharina de
" Atayde. The love of his country predomi-
" nated over every other feeling; and to match

" dicrous to mention it, but Camoens, though likewise born
" in a country where the natives are swarthy, had yellowish
" hair."

* Nicolas Antonio thus describes him:—" Mediocri sta-
" turâ fuit, et carne plenâ, capillis usque ad croci colorem
" flavescentibus, maxime in juventute. Eminebat ei frons,
" et medius nasus, cætera longus et in fine crassiusculus."

Biblioth. Hispan.

" him in that respect we must go back to the " heroes of antient Greece and Rome. His " valour, disinterestedness, heroism, and no- " bleness, were equal to any which the days " of chivalry could produce. But his con- " stancy and fortitude in his extreme adver- " sity, in which he neither degraded himself " by submitting to flatter, nor denounced the " author of his sufferings, must always dis- " tinguish him amongst the greatest men of " all ages, for a virtue so rare, which only " belongs to an eminently superior character. " Nor is his genius less to be admired, of " which his Epic Poem is an immortal testi- " monial; but had he even not written more " than his Rimas, he would have deserved, " from their production, to have been placed " by the side of Petrarch, and of other poets " who have succeeded best in this description " of poetry. Such was Luis de Camoens; and " the Portuguese, after his death, to distin- " guish him, gave him the appellation of " Great; this praise he certainly deserved bet- " ter than most of those men, on whom base " flattery prostitutes, during their lives, a title " so honourable, as to be merited by few."

Thus finished the mortal career of Luis de Camoens; born in 1524, descended of noble ancestors, the best poet of his time, a valiant soldier, and of manners corresponding with his other qualifications. The sunshine of fortune never gleamed upon him, nor did he participate in any of her favours. Having traversed great part of the globe, he returned to die in Lisbon, in the year 1579, and was miserably interred in the Church of Santa Anna, near the entrance at the left hand corner. After ages, uninfluenced by the ingratitude of his country, or the neglect of the powerful, have given immortality to his name, whilst his lyre, more durable than a monument of stone, shall be heard throughout the habitable world.*

The expression of Camoens, as to the fate of his country, which was contained in his last letter, proved unhappily too true. The sceptre, on the death of Sebastian, descended to the Cardinal Dom Henrique, then an old man, and little fitted, from his clerical occupations, to fill the seat of a monarch. Dying at the

* Faria Vida de Camoens.

end of two years after his accession to the throne, and without an heir, he left the kingdom the prey of war, and an easy conquest of Spain.

It is a curious circumstance, that this misfortune, which befel his country, should have afforded an opportunity of offering the highest tribute of praise to the memory of Camoens. Faria e Sousa relates, that Philip II, amidst the various affairs of importance, which must of necessity have occupied his attention on his entry into Portugal, made enquiries for Camoens, and desired that he might be brought before him; observing, that having read his poem, he greatly admired it, and wished to have the pleasure of seeing its author. When he was informed that Camoens had expired but a short period previous to his arrival, the Monarch is reported to have been sensibly affected. Camoens was luckily spared this interview, which would have broken his patriotic and loyal heart.

It would be uncharitable to impute on this occasion, motives for the conduct of Philip, similar to those, by which the agent of Buona-

parte, on the recent unjust occupation of Portugal by the troops under his command, was actuated. Dr Black, in a note to his life of Tasso, after comparing the fate of Camoens with that of the Italian bard, writes, " Both " poets, however, if their lives were wretched, have at least attained that fame for " which they sighed; and it is a pleasing " reflexion, that while the proud and titled " grandees, who neglected the Lusitanian " Bard, are forgotten, or despised, his name " is pronounced with respect, even amidst " the outrages of violence and the storms " of war. ' Public instruction (says Junot, " in his proclamation to the inhabitants of " Portugal, first February, 1808) public in- " struction, that only source of the civilization " of nations, shall be diffused through the dif- " ferent provinces, and Algarve and Upper " Beira shall also produce their Camoens.' "* It is not, however, impossible that the same policy, which prompted Junot to mention thus the name of Camoens, so dear to the Portu-

* Vol. I. p. 61.

guese, might have induced the Spanish Monarch to enquire for him on his arrival at Lisbon.

We have seen that Camoens spent the greater part of his life wretched and in misery. The desire of ensuring the approbation of his country, and of future ages, seems, however, to have excited within him a spirit to surmount every difficulty, and to have enabled him to resist the frowns of fortune; and it is gratifying to reflect that his memory has reached that celebrity, and his works secured that fame, after which he appears to have so ardently sought. The translation of the Lusiad into all the polished languages of Europe, bears testimony of the estimation in which he has been held; whilst the numerous tributes to his genius and abilities, which succeeding poets and writers have rendered, sufficiently attest the feeling of admiration which prompted their effusions. In a work like the present, it would be impossible to introduce all the various opinions which have been entertained with respect to his compositions; or to notice the modes which have been adopted to eulogise their author; a selection is therefore offered of those pieces,

that, either from the circumstances under which they were written, from their own merits, or the honour which they confer on the memory of Camoens, have been deemed more particularly necessary for the completion of this undertaking.

Dom Gonçalo Coutinho was the first, who after the death of the poet, came forward to pay that respect to the memory and talents of Camoens, which was so justly due from the whole nation. By his directions the following inscription, on a marble slab, was laid in the Church; and at the time when these directions were given, the exact spot where he had been consigned to the grave in the church of Santa Anna could with difficulty, if at all, be satisfactorily ascertained; so little record or remembrance of the occurence survived:—

AQUI JAZ LVIS DE CAMŌES,
PRINCIPE DOS POETAS DE SEV TEMPO.
VIVEO POBRE E MISERAVELMENTE,
E ASSI MORREO.
ANNO DE MDLXXIX.

ESTA CAMPA LHE MANDA AQUI
POR D. GONÇALO COUTINHO,
NA QUAL SE NAŌ ENTERRARA
PESSOA ALGUMA.

HERE LIES LUIS DE CAMŌES,
THE PRINCE OF THE POETS OF HIS TIME.
HE LIVED POOR AND MISERABLE,
AND SO HE DIED,
IN THE YEAR MDLXXIX.
D. GONÇALO COUTINHO ORDERED
THIS STONE TO BE PLACED HERE,
UNDER WHICH
NO OTHER PERSON SHOULD BE BURIED.

The authors of the life of Camoens, which is contained in the "Retratos e Elogios dos Varoēs e Donas, que illustraram a Naçaō Portugueza," observe, that, although almost all the biographers of the poet have given the words "Viveo "pobre e miseravelmente, e assim morreo," they had no existence in the epitaph, which, according to their account, was introduced into the church sixteen years after the death of Camoens. The passage is given as part of the inscription by Manoel Severim de Faria, and Manoel de Faria e Sousa, and the reading of it, as preserved by these writers, is followed by Dom Joze Maria de Souza. The only means of ascertaining the fact are unfortunately beyond human reach, as the church perished by the earthquake which nearly destroyed Lisbon

in 1755. Faria e Sousa objects to that part of the epitaph, wherein Camoens is denominated "the Prince of the Poets of his time," and would rather have had applied to him the compliment paid by Velleius Paterculus to Homer, "Quando escrivia no hallò a quien "imitar, i despues de aver escrito de nadie "pude ser imitado." When he wrote he had no one to imitate, and after having written he could not be imitated: because, he remarks, from the appellation of Prince of the Poets of his time, it might be inferred that some other Prince of Poets had appeared in the interval between the death of Camoens and the erection of the monument; a circumstance resembling the stories concerning the King Dom Sebastian and the bird Phœnix, much talked of, but never seen.*

The Epitaph of Coutinho was succeeded by another, in Latin verse, dedicated to the memory of Camoens; and, with the consent of Dom Gonçalo, inscribed upon the same stone by order of Martin Gonçalves da Camara,

* Alluding to the reports, then prevalent, that Sebastian had survived the calamitous expedition to Africa.

who has been noticed as the Private Secretary of Sebastian.

Naso Elegis, Flaccus Lyricis, Epigrammate Marcus,
Hic jacet Heroo carmine Virgilius.
Ense simul, calamoque auxit tibi, Lysia, famam:
Unam nobilitant Mars & Apollo manum.
Castalium fontem traxit modulamine: at Indo,
Et Gangi telis obstupefecit aquas.
India mirata est, quando aurea carmina lucrum
Ingenii haud gazas ex Oriente tulit.
Sic bene de patria meruit dum fulminat ense:
At plus dum calamo bellica facta refert.
Hunc Itali, Galli, Hispani, vertere Poetam:
Quælibet hunc vellet terra vocare suum.
Vertere fas, æquare nefas, æquabilis uni
Est sibi, par nemo, nemo secundus erit.

Antonio dos Reys, in his "Imagens Con-"ceiturezas,"* has the following Epigram concerning Camoens:—

Na presença real de Delio alento
Tem o insigne Camoens primeiro assento,
Cingida mostra a fronte
Da rama, que produz do Pindo o monte;

* Lisboa occident, 4to. 1731.

Pendente ao lado tem a forte espada,
Que do sangue inimigo rubricada
Huma vez só naõ foy: na maõ a penna
Ainda voa serena;
E na esquerda o Poema peregrino
Que escreveo dos Lusiados divino,
Nenhum mais alto no universo raya,
Nem melhor vio a Iberia, ornou a Achaya.

First in Apollo's regal court the Bard,
The famous Camoens, has his just reward;
Around his honor'd head the wreath is bound,
Form'd of a branch on heights of Pindus found;
While stain'd with blood of foes to Lusian weal
Not once but oft times spilt—the valiant steel
Hangs by his side: and while his right sustains
The pen, by which he thus the palm obtains,
His left the heaven inspired poem bears
Writ as he wander'd through a world of cares.
To loftier bards in poesy's wild field
Camoens the glorious meed will never yield;
None greater e'er had Spain her name to praise,
None Greece adorn'd with bolder native lays.

Amongst a vast variety of tributes to his praise, the Latin verses of Manoel de Sousa Coutinho, afterwards, when a priest, called Frey Luis de Sousa, and the sonnet of Diogo Bernardes have been deemed worthy to accom-

pany almost every edition of the works of Camoens. The verses of Coutinho are as follows:—

EPIGRAMMA.

Quod Maro sublimi, quod suavi Pindarus, alto
Quod Sophocles, tristi Naso quod ore canit;
Mœstitiam, casus, horrentia prælia, amores,
Juncta simul cantu, sed graviore damus.
Quisnam Auctor? Camonius. Unde hic? Protulit illum
Lysia in Eoas imperiosa plagas.
Unus tanta dedit? Dedit, & majora daturus
Ni celeri facto corriperetur, erat.
Ultimus hic choreis Musarum præfuit: illo
Plenior Aonidum est, nobiliorque chorus.
Flos veteris, virtusque novæ fuit ille Camœnæ,
Debita jure sibi sceptra Poësis habet.
In Lusitanos Heliconis culmina tractus
Transtulit antra, lyras, serta, fluenta, deas.
Currere Castalios nostra de rupe liquores
Jussit ab invicto prata virere solo.
Cerne per incultos Tempe meliora recessus,
Cerne satas sterili cespite, veris opes.
Omnibus occidui rident tibi floribus horti,
Non ego jam Lysios credo, sed Elysios.
Orpheus attonitas dulci modulamine cautes
Traxit, & ab stygio squalida monstra foro.

Thessalicos, Lodoice, sacro cum flumine montes
Pieridumque trahis, Cælituumque choros.
Sunt majora tuæ Orphæis miracula vocis
Attica, quid faceres si tibi lingua foret?

SONETO.

DE DIOGO BERNARDES.

Quem louvará Camões que elle naõ seja?
Quem naõ vê, q em vão cansa engenho, e arte?
Elle só a si se louva em toda a parte,
E só elle toda parte enche de inveja.
Quem juntos n'hum esprito ver deseja
Quantos dões, entre mil, Phebo reparte,
(Quer elle de amor cante, quer de Marte)
Por mais naó desejar a elle só veja.
Honrou a patria em tudo: imiga sorte
A fez com elle só ser encolhida,
Em premio de estender della a memoria.
Mas se lhe foi fortuna escaça em vida,
Naõ lhe póde tirar despois da morte
Hum rico amparo de sua fama, e gloria.

If the poets of Portugal have been loud in the praise of Camoens, those of other countries have also largely contributed their endeavours to advance his fame, and to render that ho-

mage which is so deservedly due to his talents. Amongst the most illustrious foreigners, who have thus done honour to themselves and to Camoens, are Tasso and Lope de Vega. With respect to the former of these celebrated poets, the early biographers of Camoens are desirous of inducing their readers to believe that the author of the Jerusalem Delivered was indebted to Camoens for ideas, which adorn some of the passages of that performance; and the sonnet, which the Italian poet wrote to the memory of their countryman, is therefore dwelt upon with considerable pleasure. Dr Black, in his Life of Tasso, imputes great blame to Mr Mickle for having joined with these writers; and, by an argument of some length, is anxious to shew, that such assertions have no foundation to support them; denying at the same time, that Tasso had any obligations to the Portuguese bard.* He observes, that Tasso became acquainted with the Lusiad, if he knew it at all, by a Spanish translation of 1580;† and adds, that

* Black's Life of Tasso, vol. i. p. 387 et seq.

† There were two Spanish translations of the Lusiad, published in 1580, the one by Caldera, and the other by Gomez de Tapia.

the sonnet would appear to have been written in 1586, and that its title in the original edition is " Loda il Signor Luigi Corma, il quale " ha scritto un Poema in Lingua Spagnuolo " de' Viaggi del Vasco." The word Corma is believed by Dr Black to be a mis-print for Camoens. Having thus referred to the volume of Dr Black, and to the assertions of the early biographers of Camoens as supported by the opinion of Mr Mickle, I decline to enter further into the question, concerning which they are at variance, and proceed to lay before my readers, the sonnet composed by Tasso.

Vasco, le cui felici, ardite antenne
Incontro al sol, che ne riporta il giorno
Spiegar le vele, e fer colá ritorno,
Dove egli par che di cadere accenne ;
Non più di te per aspro mar sostenne
Quel, che fece al Ciclope oltraggio e scorno ;
Ne chi torbò l'Arpie nel suo soggiorno ;
Ne diè più bel soggetto a colte penne.
Ed or quella del colto, e buon Luigi,
Tant 'oltre stende il glorioso volo,
Che i tuoi spalmati legni andar men lunge,
Ond 'a quelli, a cui s'alza il nostro polo,
Ed a chi ferma incontra i suoi vestigi,
Per lui del corso tuo la fama aggiunge.

This sonnet was translated into English by Sir Richard Fanshaw, and subsequently by Mr Mickle; and it has also occupied the attention of Mr Duperron de Castera, one of the French translators of the Lusiad. The following version of it is by Mr Mickle:—

Vasco, whose bold and happy bowsprit bore
Against the rising morn; and, homeward fraught,
Whose sails came westward with the day, and brought
The wealth of India to thy native shore;
Ne'er did the Greek such length of seas explore,
The Greek, who sorrow to the Cyclop wrought;
And he, who, victor, with the harpies fought,
Never such pomp of naval honours wore.
Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,
Yet thou to Camoens ow'st thy noblest fame;
Farther than thou didst sail, his deathless song
Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name;
And under many a sky thy actions crown,
While time and fame together glide along.

Lope de Vega was a warm admirer of the compositions of Camoens, and various passages in his works testify the estimation in which he held the Portuguese poet. Faria e Sousa, who was the intimate friend of Lope, writes, that he was told by this illustrious Spaniard,

that he usually appealed to the works of Camoens to dispel the gloom wherewith his mind might be oppressed from any casual trouble or misfortune.* In the Laurel de Apolo of Lope de Vega is found this elegant tribute to Camoens.†

Llegando pues la Fama
A la mayor ciudad que Espana aclama.
Por justas causas despertar no quiso
(Y fue discreto aviso)
Al gran Sà de Miranda,
Que le dexe Melpomene le manda.
Y al divino Camoes
En Indianos aloes
Que riega el Ganges, y produze Hidaspes,
Durmiendo en bronze, porfidos, y jaspes
(Fortuna estrana que al ingenio aplico
La vida pobre, y el sepulcro rico)

* An effect, not greatly dissimilar to that stated by Lope de Vega, is represented to have been produced upon the Portuguese soldiery in Ceylon, when at the siege of Columbo; where, as Dom Joze Maria de Souza writes, blazed, as it were, the last spark of the ancient valour of the Portuguese in Asia. When pressed with misery and the pangs of hunger, they derived, during their marches, not only consolation, but also encouragement, by rehearsing the stanzas of the Lusiad.

† Silva Tercera, p. 26, Edit. Madrid, 1630.

Porque si despertaran,
Y a las Cortes, Parnasides lleuaran;
Docto Corte Real, tu nombre solo,
Aun no que dara con el suyo Apolo.
Como lo muestran oy vuestras Lusiadas
Postrando Eneydas, y venciendo Iliadas.
Que triste suerte, que notables penas,
Acabada la vida hallar mecenas;
Mas no por esso puede
Dexar de ser gloriosa vuestra fama,
Si bien claro Luis la tuya excede
Por quanta luz derrama
El farol Didimeo
Y mas quando te veo
Banar pluma de Fenix tinta de oro,
Diziendo con decoro
Y magestad sonora,
Por la lealtad, que nūca el tiempo oluida
Que mais anos servira se naon fora
Para tan largo amor tan curta à vida.

Nor, whilst natives of Portugal and illustrious foreigners have exerted themselves, has England been behind with her tribute to Camoens; Mr Hayley, in his Essay on Epic Poetry, thus characterises the poet and his compositions:—

Tho' fiercest tribes her galling fetters drag,
Proud Spain must strike to Lusitania's flag,

Whose ampler folds, in conscious triumph spread,
Wave o'er her Naval Poet's laureate head.
Ye Nymphs of Tagus, from your golden cell,
That caught the echo of his tuneful shell,
Rise, and to deck your darling's shrine provide
The richest treasures that the deep may hide:
From every land let grateful Commerce shower
Her tribute to the Bard who sung her power;
As those rich gales, from whence his Gama caught
A pleasing earnest of the prize he sought,
The balmy fragrance of the East dispense,
So steals his song on the delighted sense,
Astonishing with sweets unknown before,
Those who ne'er tasted but of classic lore.
Immortal Bard! thy name with Gama vies,
Thou, like thy Hero, with propitious skies
The sail of bold adventure hast unfurl'd,
And in the Epic Ocean found a world.
'Twas thine to blend the Eagle and the Dove,
At once the Bard of Glory and of love:
Thy thankless country heard thy varying lyre
To Petrarch's softness melt, and swell to Homer's fire.
Boast and lament, ungrateful Land, a name
In life, in death, thy glory and thy shame.'

Two medals have been struck in honour of Camoens. The die of the first, which issued in 1782, was cut under the direction of the

' Epistle iii.

Baron Dillon; and an engraving of it appeared two years after that period in the Gentleman's Magazine,* with the following short notice respecting it, to which I am sorry I have not been able to add any further information, except that I am inclined to suppose, from some biographical sketches which I have received respecting the Baron Dillon, that he could then ill afford the expence of the undertaking. The magazine states,

"It was lately caused to be struck by the "Baron de Dillon, a gentleman, who has "obliged the world with his travels in Spain, "and other ingenious works. The medal is "taken from a picture in the possession of the "Marquis of Nysa, the ninth descendant of "Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of India, and "Hero of the Lusiad."

* Gent. Mag. April 1784. An engraving of it is also given in Clarke's Progress of Maritime Discovery. The medal was executed by the father of Mr Young, the medalist, who resides in Holborn, and who, at my request, searched his father's papers for any information they might contain relating to it.

On the obverse is the head of Camoens laureated, with the ruff and armour, as he is usually represented. Round the head is LUIZ DE CAMOENS. On the reverse, and within a wreath of laurel, we have APOLLO PORTUGUEZ HONRA DE ESPANHA. NASCEO 1524 MORREO 1579; and below the wreath, OPTIMO POETÆ I. T. BARO DE DILLON DEDICAVIT 1782.

For the other medal we are indebted to that same laudable enthusiasm, which prompted Dom Joze Maria de Souza to print the magnificent edition of the Lusiad. On the obverse is a head in profile, round which is inscribed LVD. CAMOES. OB. A. C. MDLXXIX. AET. LIV.* On the reverse, a prow of a Roman vessel is placed between a sword and a lute. Above the ship is the word LVSIADES, and below is D. I. M. SOVZA. EXCVDI. IVSSIT. A. MDCCCXIX.

The neglect of his countrymen, in not hav-

* I have at page 23 adduced my reasons for concluding that Camoens most probably completed his fifty-fifth year previous to his death. He was stated, in the list of persons going to India in 1550, to be then 25, and that entry would be made early in the spring; admitting, therefore, that his death occurred in the spring of 1579, he would be 55.

ing raised some splendid and national monument to the memory of their bard, appears to have so much excited regret and surprise, as to have induced several applications to be made to the Portuguese to allow his remains to be removed, in order that they might be enshrined in a mausoleum worthy of his genius; and we are informed by some of his biographers, that even large sums were offered as a price to the nation for their purchase. This degradation was, however, happily resisted, and it is now hoped that Camoens will obtain that tribute from his own country, which it had been the wish of foreigners to have bestowed. A project for erecting a monument to his memory was lately formed at Lisbon, where subscriptions, which have since been aided by contributions in London and Paris, were entered into for carrying it into effect. The amount of the donations for this purpose is represented to exceed eight hundred pounds, and, although some temporary suspension may, at the present moment exist; so desirable and praiseworthy a scheme is entitled to our best wishes for its fulfilment. The place which has

been fixed upon for the erection of the monument is the Convent situated at Belem, within three miles of Lisbon, and which was built by the King Dom Manoel to record to posterity the discovery, by the Portuguese, of the route to India.

The early biographers of Camoens have dealt largely in criticisms and comparisons. Many of their pages are occupied in contrasting the genius of the Lusitanian Poet with that of the Ancient Bards of Greece and Rome; as also with that of Ariosto, Tasso, and other modern writers; and in weighing the merits of the Lusiad with their compositions. Nor are the many events, which marked the changeful life of Camoens, and which bore resemblance to the vicissitudes experienced by other celebrated characters, unnoticed. By them he is represented to have been, like Homer, blind and poor, with a cloud of uncertainty hanging over his birth; like Petrarch, to have had early to deplore the loss of his parents; like Ovid, to have been banished on the score of love, and to have detailed to us the tedious hours of his exile; like Scipio Africanus, urged by its ingratitude,

to have quitted his country with a determination never to return; to have wandered from place to place like Dante; like Cæsar, to have saved his poem when he was shipwrecked; like Joseph, to have been sold for two hundred crusados; like Ercilla, to have described in verse, scenes and actions in which he had borne a share; whilst he is likened to Virgil, Thucydides, and others, for having been so painfully occupied with his poem, and having withheld it so long from publication. But a Spanish biographer of Cervantes has shewn, that the most remarkable coincidence of fortune may be traced in the events which marked the lives of Camoens and the author of Don Quixote. This comparison, as it is a literary curiosity, may with propriety close this portion of the present work.

CAMOENS.	CERVANTES.
Camoens fue hidalgo, soldado, poeta, y pobre.	Cervantes fue todo esto.
Camoens fue de ameno y festivo ingenio.	Cervantes lo fue tambien.
Camoens peregrinó por varios reynos y perdio un ojo en la guerra.	Cervantes peregrinó tambien por diversos paises, y perdio la mano izquierda en la batalha de Lepanto.

CAMOENS.	CERVANTES.
Camoens estándo preso escribio varias poesias.	Cervantes escribio en la carcel la Historia de Don Quixote.
Camoens vivia de la limosna que pedia de noche un esclavo que traxo de la India.	Cervantes aunque teniá algunos bienes, recibia socorros de sus amigos y bienhechores.
Camoens recibia del Rey Dom Sebastian una pension tan moderado, que no le impedio morir en un hospital.	Cervantes recibia otros del Arzobispo de Toledo y del Conde de Lemos, que le impedieron morir en èl.
Camoens era de mediana estatura, de nariz larga, con una elevacion no desayrada en la mitad (testigo de ingenio) los ojos vivos, el color blanco, el pelo rubio.	Cervantes teniá el cuerpo entre dos estremos, ni grande ni pequeno, el color vivo, el pelo castano, la barba y vigotes rubios, los ojos alegres, la nariz corva.
Camoens poco antes de morir escribio algunos versos :	Cervantes despues de recibida la extrema uncion escribio la dedicatoria de Persiles.
Camoens se enterro con notable pobreza y sin inscription sepulchral en el convento de las Monjas Franciscas de Santa Ana de Lisboa.	Cervantes se enterro en pobre aparato, y sin epitafio en el Convento de las Monjas Trinitarias de Madrid.

CAMOENS.

Camoens permanecio olvidado en el sepulcro hasta que Don Gonzalo Coutinho mando ponerle una lauda ó lapida de marmol quando ya se ignoraba el lugar de su sepultura con este epitafio: AQUI JAZ LUIS DE CAMOENS, PRINCIPE DOS POETAS DE SEU TEMPO: VIVEO POBRE E MISERAVELMENTE, E ASSI MORREO.

CERVANTES.

Cervantes permanece olvidado todavia en el sepulcro, que tambien se ignora, sin saberse quando alguna mano benefica y patrotica la redimira de aquellas tenieblas, sacandole à la luz de un magnifico cenotafio, donde quedase immortalizada la memoria del bienhechor con la del autor de la incomparable Historia de Don Quixote.

Notices

CONCERNING

The Rimas,

Or Smaller Poems

OF

Camoens.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

Rimas of Camoens.

The fame of Camoens is by no means wholly dependent upon his Epic poem; such was the versatility of his genius, he composed in all the metres which were used at the time, and succeeded in most of them. Considerable research, which, it is to be regretted, was not attended with equal discrimination, was requisite to collect and place under the name of their author his minor productions, known by the general denomination of Rimas. Written amidst the various scenes and difficulties in which it was his destiny to act, they were scattered about in Portugal and in India, and

required a length of time to bring them together.

Whether the work, mentioned by Diogo de Couto to have been shewn to him by Camoens, and called Parnasso, did or did not contain a collection of the Rimas, cannot, however we may be inclined to believe it did, now be ascertained; if that volume was composed of the Rimas, its furtive abstraction from its author and total loss are the more to be deplored; and if it did not contain such collection, posterity has to regret that the poet did not, in the interval between his arrival from India and his death, either publish them in his lifetime, or leave them in a state to appear after his decease. We should then have had handed down to us, in a legitimate form, such of them as Camoens himself would have chosen to preserve, exempt from the interpolations, which have been introduced by those who imagined they could amend the readings of certain passages; and from the barbarisms which they acquired in passing in manuscript through the hands of their respective possessors. Several of these minor pieces were,

without doubt, written under circumstances which would have induced their author to have suppressed them; and another material advantage would have been attained from such superintendence; Diogo Bernardes would not have been exposed to the temptation, which their dispersed condition held out, and which, it is reported, he had not sufficient virtue to resist.

The biographers of Camoens do not hesitate to pronounce him equal to Petrarch, and to be deserving of similar fame for his Rimas as the Italian poet derives from the productions of his muse. That disadvantage under which the Rimas have so long remained, from their scarcely being known out of Portugal, will now be greatly removed by the increasing desire manifested for information respecting the life and actions of the bard, and by the translations which have lately appeared of his works. Amongst the most strenuous advocates for the genius of Camoens in this department of literature, and for his rivalry with Petrarch, is Dom Joze Maria de Souza, who observes, that the latter poet contributed in a superior degree by his literary

labours and lyrical compositions to enrich his native language with the graces of antient poetry, and added other descriptions of verse appropriate to the language, and to the time in which he lived. The same author writes, that we must, if we are to appreciate rightly the merit of Camoens as to the Rimas, bear in mind that he was one of the first after Sá de Miranda to adopt the introduction of the Italian style into the poetry of Portugal, and that by a genius well stored with the writings of Greece and Rome, and by his rich poetical vein and harmonious versification, he eclipsed all the poets of that age. Pursuing his enquiry Dom Joze continues to give his opinion, that it is to the lyrical pieces of Petrarch, from which he has received his greatest renown, we ought to compare those of Camoens; and further, that, on an impartial scrutiny of the merits of the two bards, Camoens will not be found inferior to him. It appears evident to this illustrious foreigner, that the compositions of Camoens bespeak an inspiration equal to that to be observed in the works of his predecessor, and offer to us the same easy flowing verses and

and elegance of diction; the same vivacity of imagery and delicacy of sentiment; and further, that they have a decided advantage over those of Petrarch in being less charged with conceits and intricacies, and in expressing greater strength in the thoughts. Both, he writes, offer an example of the most noble and pure passion, ardently and with constancy loving ladies, to whom their destinies forbade them to be united; both experienced the misfortune to survive these objects, and consequently found themselves placed in the same situation to deplore and weep for their loss. The peculiar circumstances attending their lives were, however, calculated to produce different influences, the one most disadvantageous to the muse of Camoens, the other most favourable to that of Petrarch.

Petrarch lived happy, rich, esteemed, and sought after by the Great; residing in courts, or at his country house, in a land the most beautiful and civilized; and leisurely cultivating literature as his occupations allowed him. Camoens, on the contrary, was poor, persecuted, exiled, and passed the better part of his life far from

his country, and in unhospitable climes; scarcely having to dedicate to study moments stolen from the busy employment of a soldier, and embittered with the pangs of seeing himself ill-treated and ill-rewarded by his ungrateful countrymen. Petrarch had also leisure to correct, to finish, and to publish his poems, which was not the case with Camoens, whose genius is therefore entitled to our greater admiration, inasmuch as without the advantages enjoyed by Petrarch, his productions are no way inferior, if they are not in some instances superior, to this most celebrated Italian poet.*

The order in which the Rimas are generally printed, is as follows; and in the best and most enlarged editions of his works are contained, besides some other pieces which, upon very slight conjecture, have been attributed to him:—

305 Sonnets,
16 Cançons,
12 Odes,
4 Sextinas,

* D. J. M. de Souza, Vida de Camoēs.

21 Elegies,
15 Eclogues,
Estancias,
Redondilhas, &c.
Letters,
El Rei Seleuco, a Comedy,
Os Amphitriões, a Comedy,
And
Filodemo, a Comedy.

In a subsequent portion of the present work, wherein is given an account of the various editions of the works of the poet, the reader will observe the many difficulties which the early editors of the poems of Camoens had to encounter in collecting them.

It was not until 1595, sixteen years after the decease of the poet, that an attempt was made to bring the Rimas before the eye of the public. At that period the first edition appeared, accompanied by a prologue written by the collector of the poems, the Licentiate Fernaõ Rodrigues Lobo Surrupita, a lawyer and a poet not without celebrity, to whom Faria e

Sousa, having benefited largely by his remarks, pays a just tribute in his "Juizio destas Rimas;" and who is also thus honorably mentioned by Jacinto Cordeiro, in his Eulogies on the Portuguese Poets, st. 48.

> Muchos laureles, muchos solicita
> Poco mi pluma indigne la encarece
> Fernaõ Rodrigues Lobo Soropita,
> Con ingenio divino los merece,
> Que a muchos el laurel por docto quita
> Esta en tan graves versos me parece, &c.

Surrupita complains of the inconvenience arising from the errors to be met with in the various manuscripts which he had consulted; this circumstance, he writes, would make his edition less correct than it ought to have been published; but he alleges, that his fears of increasing the difficulties, by hazarding his own corrections, had induced him to print the poems as he had found them. He describes Camoens to have been particularly anxious to avoid the faults of many of his predecessors, whose productions were devoid of elegance, and laden with low

and vulgar expressions. In lieu of these, he remarks, we find a natural facility in declaring his sentiments and a great sweetness joined to a purity of language pervading his verses, in which are displayed a knowledge of nature and science. Surrupita is inclined to give a preference to the Canções, in the composition of which he says, Camoens had been attentive to all the requisite rules, and may challenge the productions of Petrarch, Bembo, or Garcilaso de la Vega, who were most distinguished for that species of poetry. With respect to the sonnets, he admits that they are unequal in point of merit, which he correctly ascribes to the true reason; several of them were composed in a hurry to satisfy the importunity of persons to whose requests Camoens could not give denial, on account of favours which he had received from them, most probably never expecting they would be published with his name.

Boscan and Garcilasso de la Vega were the renovators of the sonnet in Spain, and composed in this metre after the Italian model. This example was followed by Sá de Miranda, in Portugal, and after him by Camoens, the

success of the scholar however far exceeding that of the master. The Spanish and Portuguese writers are very jealous that this introduction of the sonnet should be confined in the way above limited, and adduce specimens of hendecasyllabic compositions of very high antiquity in of their own languages.

The sonnets of Camoens may be divided into three classes; amorous, moral, and tributary. Of these classes, the first, as in it are pictured the genuine feelings of the poet, in describing the delights of the dawning of the passion during his happy boyhood; the suspense of his heart until doubt was removed; and the desolation, which the revealing of his hapless fate caused, claims the superiority. Of this description are nearly the whole of the following selection. Some of the sonnets, which may be said to belong to the second class, contain reflexions which pourtray a mind endued with a true sense of virtue; whilst, amidst the third class, the tribute addressed to the memory of his departed friend D. Antonio de Noronha, which has been translated by Lord Strangford,

will for ever remain a monument of friendship and praise worthy the genius of its author.

Dom Joze Maria de Souza, who expresses considerable doubts as to the genuineness of several of the sonnets ascribed to Camoens, and has given his reasons for his opinions, has the following general remarks respecting them:— "The imagination of our Camoēs was most fertile in sonnets, and although in this ample collection, made with little discernment after his death, many of inferior merit are met with, which either are not his productions, or were drawn extemporally from him by importunate friends, yet the quantity of excellent and perfect specimens is remarkable, and worthy of admiration. The greater part of them," he adds, "are amorous, full of grace, delicacy, and lively passion; others express a profound melancholy. In general, no poet understood, and could explain better, the character of this little poem; no one was more skilled in embodying his sensibility in verses, which came from his heart, and which, at this day, deeply excite our tender sympathy."

Em quanto quiz fortuna que tivesse
Esperança de algum contentamento,
O gosto de hum suave pensamento
Me fez que seus effeitos escrevesse.
Porém temendo amor que aviso désse
Minha escriptura a algum juizo isento,
Escureceo-me o engenho co' o tormento,
Para que seus enganos naõ dissesse.
O' vós, que amor obriga a ser sujeitos
A diversas vontades; quando lerdes
N'hum breve livro casos taõ diversos;
Verdades puras saõ, e naõ defeitos.
Entendei que segundo o amor tiverdes,
Tereis o entendimento de meus versos.

CAMOENS.

While on my head kind Fortune deign'd to pour
Her lavish boons, and through my willing soul
Made tides of extacy and pleasure roll;
I sung in raptures of each passing hour.
But Love, who heard me praise the golden shower,
Resolv'd my fond presumption to controul,
And painful darkness o'er my spirits stole,
Lest I should dare to tell his treach'rous power.
O ye, whom his hard yoke compels to bend
To other's will, if in my various lay
Sad plaints ye find, and fears, and cruel wrong,
To suff'ring nature and to truth attend:
For in the measure ye have felt his sway,
Your sympathising hearts will feel my song.*

ANON. BY MR HAYLEY.

* This sonnet, like the first of Petrarch, is a preface to the amatory poetry of Camoens.

Quando da bella vista, e doce riso,
Tomando estaõ meus olhos mantimento,
Taõ elevado sinto o pensamento,
Que me faz ver na terra o Paraiso.
Tanto do bem humano estou diviso,
Que qualquer outro bem julgo por vento:
Assi que em termo tal, segundo sento,
Pouco vem a fazer quem perde o siso.
Em louvar-vos, Senhora, naõ me fundo;
Porque quem vossas graças claro sente,
Sentirá que naõ póde conhecellas.
Pois de tanta estranheza sois ao Mundo,
Que naõ he de estranhar, Dama excellente,
Que quem vos fez, fizesse Ceo, e Estrellas.

CAMOENS.

When I behold you, Lady! when my eyes
Dwell on the deep enjoyment of your sight,
I give my spirit to that one delight,
And earth appears to me a Paradise.
And when I hear you speak, and see you smile,
Full, satisfied, absorb'd, my center'd mind
Deems all the world's vain hopes and joys the while
As empty as the unsubstantial wind:
Lady! I feel your charms, yet dare not raise
To that high theme, th' unequal song of praise;
A power for that to language was not given,
Nor marvel I, when I those beauties view,
Lady! that he whose power created you,
Could form the stars and yonder glorious heaven.

SOUTHEY.

Está o lascivo, e doce passarinho
Com o biquinho as pennas ordenando;
O verso sem medida, alegre, e brando,
Despedindo no rustico raminho.
Ó cruel caçador, que do caminho
Se vem callado, e manso desviando,
Com prompta vista a sétta endireitando,
Lhe dá no Estygio Lago eterno ninho.
Desta arte o coraçaõ, que livre andava,
(Postoque já de longe destinado)
Onde menos temia, foi ferido.
Porque o frécheiro cego me esperava
Para que me tomasse descuidado,
Em vossos claros olhos escondido.

CAMOENS.

Behold yon little songster, sportive, gay,
Which warbling sweet his tuneful woodland note,
With slender beak decks out his feather'd coat,
And hops, unfearful on from spray to spray.
Then see the savage fowler, softly come,
On tiptoe stealing—cautious in his art,
He draws the fatal string—the death plum'd dart
Consigns the little trembler to his doom.
Just so my heart, (though destin'd for a state
Where love should dwell and pour forth tender sighs,)
Was struck, much more unconscious of its fate;
For in the sparkling lustre of thine eyes
Conceal'd, the blindfold archer was in wait,
That he might so his careless prey surprize.

ADAMSON.

Apollo e as nove Musas descantando,
Com a dourada lyra me influiam
Na suave harmonía que faziam.
Quando tomei a penna, começando:
Ditoso seja o dia, e hora, quando
Taõ delicados olhos me feriam:
Ditosos os sentidos que sentiam
Estar-se em seu desejo traspassando.
Assi cantava, quando amor virou
A roda á esperança, que corria
Taõ ligeira, que quasi era invisibil.
Converteo-se-me em noite o claro dia;
E se alguma esperança me ficou,
Será de maior mal, se for possibil.*

CAMOENS.

The God of song and sister muses nine,
Attun'd their lyres to harmonise with mine,
In strains more sweet than e'er from planets sprung,
When thus the trembling chords I struck and sung.
" May that bright day, that moment happy prove,
" When from thine eyes I drank large draughts of love;
" Blest be those feelings, by no fears alloy'd,
" When perfect bliss my rapt'rous soul enjoy'd."
So, I, till love, ah! with malignant eye,
Beheld my joyous minutes rapid fly,
Thus light, thus imperceptibly away,
And cruel, turned to night so fair a day.
Ah, me! if now there aught of hope remain,
'Tis, if 'twere possible, increase of pain!

ANONYMOUS.

* Some liberties are stated by the author of the translation of this sonnet to have been taken with the original, and one in the

Quem vê, Senhora, claro, e manifesto,
O lindo ser de vossos olhos bellos,
Senaõ perder a vista só com vellos,
Já naõ paga o que deve a vosso gesto.
Este me parecia preço honesto;
Mas eu, por de vantagem merecellos,
Dei mais a vida, e alma, por querellos,
Donde já me naõ fica mais de resto.
Assi que alma, que vida, que esperança,
E que quanto for meu, he tudo vosso:
Mas de tudo o interesse eu só o levo.
Porque he tamanha bemaventurança
O dar-vos quanto tenho, e quanto posso,
Que quanto mais vos pago, mais vos devo.

CAMOENS.

He, Lady! who, with clear transparent eyes,
Beholds the lustre of thine orbs of sight,
Ill pays his homage to their gentle light,
If he again shall see their suns arise.
To me this price would fair and proper seem,
For life, and soul, and every sweet of rest
I fondly gave, to gain their fav'ring gleam,
And all the empire of their power confest.
Lur'd by their charms, though life, and soul, and hope,
And all the minor goods that e'er were mine,
Pay liege obedience only to thy shrine,
And from their wonted service now elope:
So sweet, dear Lady! does the duty grow,
The more to thee I pay, the more I owe.

ADAMSON.

sixth line, he supposes may be called an improvement. This sonnet has also been translated by Lord Strangford.

A formosura desta fresca serra,
E a sombra dos verdes castanheiros;
O manso caminhar destes ribeiros,
Donde toda a tristeza se desterra:
O rouco som do mar, a estranha terra,
O esconder do Sol pelos outeiros,
O recolher dos gados derradeiros,
Das nuvẽes pelo ar a branda guerra:
Em fim, tudo o que a rara natureza,
Com tanta variedade nos offrece,
Me está (se naõ te vejo) magoando:
Sem ti tudo me enoja, e me aborrece;
Sem ti perpetuamente estou passando
Nas móres alegrias, mór tristeza.*

CAMOENS.

The mountain cool, the chesnut's verdant shade,
The loit'ring walk along the river side,
Where never woe her sad abode hath made,
Nor sorrow linger'd on the silv'ry tide—
The sea's hoarse sound—the earth with verdure gay—
The gilded pomp of Phœbus' parting rays—
The flocks that tread at eve their homeward way—
The soft mist yielding to the sunny blaze.—
Not all the varied charms and beauties rare
That nature boasts—when thou, my sole delight!
Art absent from me, to my aching sight
Can comfort give, but as a prospect drear
And cold before me stand—I onward go,
And as the joys increase, increase my woe.

ADAMSON.

* This sonnet has been translated by Lord Strangford; another

Alegres campos, verdes arvoredos,
Claras, e frescas aguas de crystal,
Que em vós os debuxais ao natural,
Discorrendo da altura dos rochedos:
Sylvestres montes, asperos penedos,
Compostos de concerto desigual;
Sabei que sem licença de meu mal
Já naõ podeis fazer meus olhos lédos.
E pois já me naõ vedes como vistes,
Naõ me alegrem verduras deleitosas,
Nem aguas que correndo alegres vem.
Semearei em vós lembranças tristes,
Regar-vos-hei com lagrimas saudosas,
E nasceraõ saudades de meu bem.

CAMOENS.

Delightful fields, and thickets gay and green,
Ye woods that shadow o'er the mountain scene,
Ye rocks grotesque, ye fountains cold and clear,
Who as ye murmur down the sparkling steep,
Your concord with the waving woodlands keep,
And send sweet music to the traveller's ear.
O lovely scenes! unsatisfied my sight
Dwells on your beauties now, your ancient shade,
Clear fountains, gleaming through the opening glade.
Rocks, thickets, fields, and all your green delight.
Me other than I was, ye now behold,
I gaze around, and tears suffuse my eyes;
Ye tell me, lovely scenes, of days of old,
And thoughts of former happiness arise.

SOUTHEY.

version will be found in the Annual Register for 1789; and a third in "Translations from Camoens. &c." Oxford, 1818.

Quando de minhas mágoas a comprida
Maginaçaõ os olhos me adormece,
Em sonhos aquella alma me apparece,
Que para mi foi sonho nesta vida.
Lá n'huma saudade, onde estendida
A vista por o campo desfallece,
Corro apoz ella; e ella entaõ parece
Que mais de mi se alonga, compellida.
Brado: naõ me fugais, sombra benina.
Ella (os olhos em mi co' hum brando pejo,
Como quem diz, que já naõ póde ser)
Torna a fugir-me: tórno a bradar: *Dina;*
E antes que acabe em *mene*, acórdo, e vejo
Que nem hum breve engano posso ter.*

CAMOENS.

While prest with woes, from which it cannot flee,
My fancy sinks, and slumber seals my eyes,
Her spirit hastens in my dreams to rise,
Who was in life, but as a dream to me.
O'er a drear waste, so wide no eye can see
How far its sense-evading limit lies,
I follow her quick step, but ah! she flies!
Our distance wid'ning by fate's stern decree.
Fly not from me, kind shadow! I exclaim—
She, with fix'd eyes, that her soft thoughts reveal,
And seem'd to say "Forbear thy fond design."
Still flies—I call her, but her half-form'd name
Dies on my falt'ring tongue—I wake and feel
Not e'en one short delusion may be mine.

HAYLEY.

* The Spanish Commentator of Camoens considers this vision as the most exquisite sonnet of its author, and affirms,

Se quando vos perdi, minha esperança,
A memoria perdêra juntamente,
Do doce bem passado, e mal presente,
Pouco sentíra a dor de tal mudança.
Mas amor, em quem tinha confiança,
Me representa mui miudamente
Quantas vezes me vi ledo, e contente,
Por me tirar a vida esta lembrança.
De cousas de que apenas hum signal
Havia, porque as dei ao esquecimento,
Me vejo com memorias perseguido.
Ah dura estrella minha! Ah graõ tormento!
Que mal póde ser mór, que no meu mal
Ter lembranças do bem que he já passado?

CAMOENS.

O Hope, long lost! if when thou took'st thy flight,
My mem'ry too had sped with thee to range;
How trifling had I felt the fatal change
Of present grief succeeding past delight.
But Love, alas! with whom I plac'd my fate,
Foe to my life—whene'er I comfort know,
Malign conspires unto my view to show
The full remembrance of my former state:—
Joys scarcely felt, and by me long resign'd
From drear oblivion's gloom to stray no more,
Recall'd by Love, again before my mind
Appear to flit.—Hard lot I must deplore!
What sorrow greater, than when woes increase
The recollection of departed peace.

ADAMSON.

that it is superior to the much longer poem of Petrarch on a similar idea. It may amuse a curious reader to compare both

Doce contentamento já passado,
Em que todo o meu bem só consistia;
Quem vos levou de minha companhia,
E me deixou de vos taõ apartado?
Quem cuidou que se visse neste estado
Naquellas breves horas d'alegria,
Quando minha ventura consentia,
Que de enganos vivesse meu cuidado?
Fortuna minha foi cruel, e dura,
Aquella que causou meu perdimento,
Com a qual ninquem pode ter cautella.
Nem se engane nenhuma creatura,
Que naõ pode nenhum impedimento,
Fugir do que lhe ordena sua estrella.

CAMOENS.

Sweet bliss now lost! from whose pure source alone
My comfort came and all my joys arose,
Borne by what hand, and whither art thou flown,
While I am left to mourn, and, sunk in woes,
Thy distance to bewail? —Ah! who, that view'd
My short liv'd hours of peace, when fortune's smile
Was kind, and hid my cares beneath its gnile,
Could think to see me thus by fate subdu'd?
But fortune chang'd and made me feel her smart,
And robb'd me of the bliss I now deplore
By means beyond the power of human art.
And, Thou, vain man, deceive thyself no more!
For 'tis fallacious hope and idle pain
To fly the evils that her stars ordain.

ADAMSON.

Ca noens and Petrarch, on this occasion, with Milton, who has also written a sonnet on the same subject.

Se despois de esperança taõ perdida,
Amor por causa alguma consentisse
Que inda algum 'hora breve alegre visse,
De quantas tristes vio taõ longa vida;
Hum 'alma já taõ fraca, e taõ cahida
(Quando a sorte mais alto me subisse)
Naõ tenho para mi que consentisse
Alegria taõ tarde consentida.
Nem tamsómente o amor me naõ mostrou
Hum 'hora em que vivesse alegremente,
De quantas nesta vida me negou;
Mas inda tanta pena me consente,
Que co' o contentamento me tirou
O gosto de algum 'hora ser contente.*

CAMOENS.

If after Hope so lost—so spent in vain,
Love of his tyrant treatment should relent,
And, pitying all my lengthen'd woes, consent
That one fond hour should close a life of pain;
My Soul now worn, and so by sorrow prest,
(When known the purport of this new decree)
Would scarcely strain the blessing to my breast,
So long denied to mis'ry and to me.
For I have liv'd a life of ceaseless grief,
And love, unkind, hath never urg'd his power,
To gild the gloom with one short happy hour
But hath withheld, obdurate, the relief—
Thus when my joys receiv'd the cruel blight,
The wound destroy'd all feeling of delight.

ADAMSON.

* This sonnet is supposed to have been written in India.

Alma minha gentil, que te partiste
Taõ cedo desta vida descontente;
Repousa lá no ceo eternamente,
E viva eu cá na terra sempre triste.
Se lá no assento Ethereo, onde subiste,
Memoria desta vida se consente,
Nao te esqueças de aquelle amor ardente,
Que já nos olhos meus taõ puro viste.
E se vires que póde merecer-te
Algũa cousa a dor, que me ficou
Da magoa, sem remedio de perder-te;
Roga a Deos que teus annos encurtou,
Que taõ cedo de cá me leve a ver-te,
Quao cedo de meus olhos te levou.*

CAMOENS.

Go, gentle spirit! now supremely blest
From scenes of pain and struggling virtue go.
From thy immortal seat of heavenly rest
Behold us lingering in a world of woe.
And if beyond the grave to Saints above,
Fond mem'ry still the transient past pourtrays;
Blame not the ardour of my constant love,
Which in these longing eyes was wont to blaze.
But if from virtue's source my sorrows rise,
For the sad loss I never can repair,
Be thine to justify my endless sighs,
And to the throne of grace prefer thy prayer,
That Heaven, which made thy span of life so brief,
May shorten mine and give my soul relief.

ANON. BY MR HAYLEY.

* At page 94 is Mr Southey's translation of this sonnet. Mr Hayley writes, it was composed "on the death of Dona "Catalina de Ataide, who died at the age of 20." In the

Pensamentos, que agora novamente
Cuidados vãos em mi resuscitais,
Dizei-me : E ainda naõ vos contentais
De ter a quem vos tem taõ descontente ?
Que phantasia he esta, que presente
Cad'hora ante os meus olhos me mostrais ?
Com hũus sonhos taõ vaos, inda tentais
Quem nem por sonhos pode ser contente ?
Vejo-vos, pensamentos, alterados.
E naõ quereis, de esquivos, declarar-me,
Que he isto que vos traz taõ enleados ?
Naõ me negueis, se andais para negar-me ;
Porque se contra mi estais levantados,
Eu vos ajudarei mesmo a matar-me.

CAMOENS.

Tell me, my thoughts ! which now before me raise,
Of woes the sad remembrance, and renew
The grief I fondly hop'd no more to view,
Is not my measure full of hapless days ?
How is it, that, in vacant forms of air,
Mine eye each hour some long lost vision sees ?
With dreams and shadows would you sooth the care
Of him, whom dreams and shadows ne'er could please ?
I see you sadly changed—e'en with disdain
Refusing mention of the secret spell
That holds you thus in doubt—the charm disclose—
Though sworn to silence, let me not in vain
Intreat—if leagu'd against my life—yet tell—
For I will join to end my term of woes..

ADAMSON.

second volume of " A Fenix Renascida," it is given, with a Glosa by Dr Antonio Barbosa Bacelar. There is another version in " Translations from Camoens, &c." Oxford, 1818.

Horas breves de meu contentamento,
Nunca me pareceo quando vos tinha,
Que vos visse mudadas taõ asinha
Em taõ compridos annos de tormento.
As altas torres, que fundei no vento,
Levou, em fim, o vento que as sostinha:
Do mal que me ficou a culpa he minha,
Pois sobre cousas vãas fiz fundamento.
Amor com brandas mostras apparece;
Tudo possivel faz, tudo assegura;
Mas logo no melhor desapparece.
Estranho mal! estranha desventura!
Por hum pequeno bem que desfallece,
Hum bem aventurar, que sempre dura!*

CAMOENS.

Short hours of joy! onward ye fleeting past!
But little did I ween the gay delight
Would soon be follow'd by so sad a blight,
And years of grief that should for ever last!
Those airy prospects, form'd on fancy's scope,
Soon by the power that rais'd them were o'erthrown;
If all my woes mine is the fault alone,
Who on such slight foundation built my hope.
In forms deluding, and enchanting shew
Deceitful Love appears to gain his power.
Kind—condescending—but to pangs of woe
Exulting leaves his victim. Luckless hour!
When fortune will'd I should become his toy
Commuting peace secure for transient joy.

ADAMSON.

* In "A Fenix Renascida," Tom. III. p. 252, is this sonnet, with an omission of the last three lines of Camoens, for which three others are substituted. It is ascribed to the Infante Dom

N'hum bosque, que das Nymphas se habitava,
Sibella, Nympha linda, andava hum dia;
E subida em huma arvore sombria,
As amarellas flores apanhava.
Cupido, que alli sempre costumava
A vir passar a sésta á sombra fria,
Em hum ramo, arco, e séttas, que trazia,
Antes que adormecesse, pendurava.
A nympha, como idoneo tempo vira
Para tamanha empreza, naõ dilata;
Mas com as armas foge ao moço esquivo.
As séttas traz nos olhos, com que tira.
O' Pastores; fugi, que a todos mata
Senaõ a mim, que de matar-me vivo.*

CAMOENS.

Within a grove the haunt of Nymph and Fay,
Sibella, fairest maid! once chanc'd to stray,
And mounting high a tree that shady grew,
She cull'd its od'rous flowers of yellow hue.
There Cupid came, who long a rule had made
To come and take his Sesta in the shade;
Upon a bough his bow and shaft unstrung,
Before he sunk to sleep, with care he hung.
The maid, who watch'd the time with eager eyes,
Delay'd not now to seize the dang'rous prize;
The arms obtain'd, to careless me she hied,
And in her eyes the ardent shafts I spied.
O Shepherds! fly, what all to death will give,
Save me, alone! who still, tho' dying, live.

ANONYMOUS.

Luis, and is called Soneto Moral. It was also published with a trifling variation by Diogo Bernardes.

* The Sesta signifies the repose usually taken in the afternoon in warm climates. "As settas traz nos olhos," is literally "she

Quem diz que amor he falso, ou enganoso,
Ligeiro, ingrato, vão, desconhecido,
Sem falta lhe terá bem merecido
Que lhe seja cruel, ou rigoroso.
Amor he brando, he doce, e he piedoso;
Quem o contrario diz naõ seja crido;
Seja por cego, e apaixonado tido,
E aos homẽes e inda aos deoses odioso.
Se males faz amor, em mi se vem;
Em mi mostrando todo o seu rigor,
Ao Mundo quiz mostrar quanto podia.
Mas todas suas iras saõ de amor:
Todos estes seus males saõ hum bem,
Que eu por todo outro bem naõ trocaria.*

CAMOENS.

Is there who says that love is like the wind,
Fickle, ungrateful, full of fraud and lies?
That wretched man hath sure deserv'd to find
From Love all vengeance and all cruelties!
Gentle, benignant, merciful is Love;
Believe not him who says love is not so;
Let the vile slanderer live by men below
Despis'd, and hated by the Gods above.
If ever love work'd misery—in me
May man the sum of all his evils see,
Me whom he seems delighted to oppress;
The utmost rigour of his power I prove,
Yet would not change the miseries of love
For all the world besides calls happiness.

SOUTHEY.

brings the arrows in her eyes." Nonnus calls the Eyes the Archers of Love. ακοντιστηρις ερωτων. This sonnet was inserted in the Monthly Mirror. 1802.

* This sonnet has been translated by Lord Strangford. An-

Suspiros inflammados que cantais
A tristeza com que eu vivi taõ lédo ;
Eu morro, e naõ vos levo, porque hei medo
Que ao passar do Letheo vos percais.
Escriptos para sempre já ficais
Onde vos mostraraõ todos co' o dedo,
Como exemplo de males ; e eu concedo
Que para a viso de outros estejais.
Em quem, pois, virdes largas esperanças
De amor, e da fortuna, (cujos danos
Algũus teraõ por bemaventuranças)
Dizei-lhe, que os servistes muitos anos,
E que em fortuna tudo saõ mudanças,
E que em amor naõ ha senaõ enganos.

CAMOENS.

Ye sighs, which breathe the sadness of my soul,
With which I liv'd contented and serene !
I die—yet leave you in this mortal scene,
Dreading, lest as I go, from mem'ry's scroll
Effac'd—ye sink beneath oblivion's dark controul.

For ever as a beacon here ye stand,
To guard from error those, who idly dream
That Love is joy—that with her golden gleam
Fortune will fav'ring bow to their command—
A mark to warn from shipwreck on a fatal strand !

Say, ye have stoop'd in rev'rence at their feet
For long a slave—but that at last ye found
Fortune was fickle, ever changing ground—
And Love composed of falsehood and deceit.

ADAMSON.

other version appeared in " Translations from Camoens, &c." Oxford, 1818.

Ditoso seja aquelle que sómente
Se queixa de amorosas esquivanças,
Pois por ellas nao perde as esperanças
De poder n'algum tempo ser contente.
Ditoso seja quem estando ausente
Naõ sente mais que a pena das lembranças;
Porqu' inda que se tema de mudanças,
Menos se teme a dor quando se sente.
Ditoso seja, em fim, qualquer estado,
Onde enganos, desprezos, e isençaõ,
Trazem hum coraçaõ atormentado.
Mas triste quem se sente magoado
De erros em que naõ pode haver perdaõ
Sem ficar na alma a mágoa do peccado.

CAMOENS.

Happy the man, who but of Love complains,
His dear delusions and his coy disdains—
Some days of comfort may be yet in store,
His hopes are safe, and when his trial's o'er—
His lengthen'd care may end, and peace succeed to pains.

Happy the man, who, absent from the source
Whence flow'd his grief, his sorrows had their course,
Feels but the mem'ry of departed joy;
Anticipated ills his thoughts employ;
Thus when the evil comes, 'tis with diminish'd force.

Happy his state, who from contempt and scorn
Suffers alone: But woe to him the smart
Of faults to pardon which must wound the heart,
And place within the soul, of sin the thorn.

ADAMSON.

The alleged depredations upon the sonnets of Camoens by Diogo Bernardes are considerable. Of these he is stated to have entirely appropriated to himself nine, and three others, with trifling alterations. Those entirely taken, commence as follows, and stand in the works of Bernardes, published at Lisbon in 1770, as they are here numbered.

XVII. Se como em tudo o mais fostes perfeita.
XX. Hum firme coraçaõ posto em ventura.
XXVII. Brandas agoas do Tejo que passando.
XXIX. Já do Mondego as agoas apparecem.
LXI. Ar, que de meus suspiros vejo cheio.
LXXIII. Onde porei meus olhos, que naõ vejo.
LXXV. Despois de tantos dias mal gastados.
LXXIX. Que doudo pensamento he o que sigo.
CXLIII. Se quando vos perdi minha esperança.

The other three contain the following variations:—

XXVI. Eu me aparto de vós, nymphas do Tejo—

CAMOENS.
Line 1. Eu me aparto de vós, nymphas do Tejo,
2. Quando menos temia esta partida;
3. E se a minha alma vai entristecida,

CAMOENS.

Line 7. Presto veraõ o fim á triste vida,
9. Nunca a noite entretanto, nunca o dia
10. Veraõ partir de mi vossa lembrança
12. Por mais que no tornar haja tardança,
13. Me faraõ sempre triste companhia.

BERNARDES.

Line 1. Eu me parto de vós, campos do Tejo,
2. Quando menos temi esta partida,
3. E se a minh' alma a dòr rendida,
7. Asinha daraõ fim à triste vida,
9. Em tanto nunca verá noite, nem dia
10. Apartarse de vós minha lembrança;
12. Andaraõ sempre em minha companhia,
13. Em quanto na tornada ouver tardança.

LXVIII. Las penas retumbavan al gemido.

CAMOENS.	BERNARDES.
Line	Line
1. retumbavan	1. retumbaran.
3. que a	3. que de
4. de un obstinado.	4. d'uno pensado.
8. En cavernosos valles.	8. De los Eccos del valle.
9. Responden a mil.	9. Retumban a mi.
10. Ay.	10. Aai
12. se imprime.	12. s'imprime
13. De oir.	13. d' oir.
14. te ablando.	14. t' ablando.

LXXV. Horas breves de meu contentamento.

CAMOENS.

Line 12. Eu o quiz, pois o quiz minha ventura
13. Que gemendo. e chorando conhecece
14. Quam fugitivo elle he, quam pouco dura.

BERNARDES.

Line 12. Mas des que dentro n'alma reina,
13. Como na minha fez, quer que se veja,
14. Quaõ fugitivo he, quaõ pouco dura.

Amongst the writers of Cançons, Italy has to boast of Petrarch, and Spain has reason to be proud of Garcilaso de la Vega; but the admirers of Camoens, and persons qualified to appreciate his abilities, however they are inclined to admit the excellence of these poets in the composition of this species of poem, claim for the Portuguese bard the superiority. They acknowledge that Camoens shews in his Cançons how deeply he had dived into Petrarchal poesy, and availed himself of the ease and elegance observable in the works of the Italian poet, yet they at the same time, assert, that in boldness of thought and faithful representation, he is entitled to higher praise. His descriptions so completely carry with them the charac-

ter of truth, as to vouch for their accuracy. Of this describing talent the reader has had an opportunity of forming his own judgment in the extracts which have been given in the Life.

In the Cançon which commences with—

Junto de hum secco, duro, esteril monte,

which is said by Faria e Sousa to have been the best production of the kind, that had appeared at his day in any language, this talent is allowed to be especially evinced.

The

Vinde cá meu taõ certo Secretario,

wherein many of the occurrences of his eventful life are detailed, and another beginning with

Com força dosusada,

in which the Island of Ternate is described, more particularly engage the attention.

Some of the others are also worthy of notice, and amongst them, that which is generally

placed as the first. The first four lines of this cançon, which is chiefly dedicated to a description of female charms, are very beautiful :—

Formosa, e gentil Dama, quando vejo
A testa de ouro e neve, o lindo aspeito,
A boca graciosa, o riso honesto,
O collo de crystal, o brando peito.

In another he pleasingly ushers in a spring morning, to which he compares the object of his attachment :—

Ja' a roxa manhãa clara
As portas do Oriente vinha abrindo,
Dos montes descobrindo
A negra escuridaõ da luz avara.
Da sua alegre vista saudoso,
Traz ella presuroso
Nos cavallos cansados do trabalho,
Que respiram nas hervas fresco orvalho,
Se estende claro, alegre, e luminoso,
Os passaros voando
De raminho em raminho vaõ saltando ;
E com suave, e doce melodia
O claro dia estaõ manifestando, &c.

The Cançons are succeeded by the Odes, in commenting on which Faria e Souza feels

inclined to include them in the praise bestowed by Surrupita upon the Cançons. It is not pretended that in them are to be found that fire which is displayed in the similar compositions of Pindar, or the energy which characterises most of those by Horace; yet it may be remarked, that several of those happy touches which we admire in the Roman bard are to be met with, and that the romantic poetry of the Troubadours is improved upon by the classical taste of Camoens.* With the exception of two, the one addressed to D. Francisco Coutinho, Conde de Redondo, and Viceroy of India; and the other to D. Manoel de Portugal, which has already been noticed; the Odes of Camoens are mythological, or the effusions of love. The first is dedicated to the moon, and is said to have been written at Cintra, whose towering summit is called the Mountain of the Moon. In it the blending of the old Provençal poetry with the more refined taste of Camoens is very apparent; the commencement is according to the strict rules of poetry, whilst the con-

* D. J. M. de Souza, Vida do Poeta.

clusion appertains to the romance style. The invocation is as follows:—

Detém hum pouco, Musa, o largo pranto
Que amor te abre do peito;
E vestida de rico, e lédo manto,
Demos honra, e respeito,
A'quella, cujo objeito
Todo o Mundo allumia,
Trocando a noite escura em clara dia.
O'Delia, que a pezar de nevoa grossa,
Co' os teus raios de prata,
A' noite escura fazes que naõ possa
Encontrar o que trata,
* * * * * *
Tu, que de formossisimas estrellas
Coroâs, e rodêas
Tua candida fronte, e faces bellas;
E os campos formosêas
Co' as rosas que semêas,
Co' as boninas que gera
O teu celeste humor na Primavera: &c.

The ode ends:—

Secreta noite amiga, a que obedeço;
Estas rosas (por quanto
Meus queixumes me ouviste) te offereço;
E este fresco amaranto,

Humido inda do pranto,
E lagrimas da esposa
Do cioso Titaõ, branca, e formosa.

In one of his odes:—

Fogem as nevas frias, &c.

he describes the beginning of Spring, then the Summer, the Autumn, and the Winter, and as these seasons successively pass, the one following the other, he draws a moral from this constant change, as to the short span of human life, and the prosperity of the world. This piece is a close imitation, and in some passages a translation of the seventh ode of the fourth book of Horace.

Another commencing—

Já a calma nos deixou
Sem flores as ribeiras deleitosas;

is written on the same subject, the latter, however, beginning with the appearance of Winter instead of Spring. As the ode immediately in imitation of that of Horace is much esteemed,

and as the life does not afford any specimen of the poet's abilities in this description of verse, it is here presented.

Fogem as neves frias
Dos altos montes quando reverdecem
As arvores sombrias;
As verdes hervas crecem,
E o prado ameno de mil cores tecem.
Zephyro brando espira;
Suas séttas amor affia agora;
Progne triste suspira,
E Philomela chora;
O Ceo da fresca terra se namora.
Já a linda Cytheréa
Vem, do coro das Nymphas rodeada;
A branca Pasitéa
Despida, e delicada,
Com as duas irmãas acompanhada.
Em quanto as officinas
Dos Cyclopas Vulcano está queimando,
Vaõ colhendo boninas
As Nymphas, e cantando;
A terra co' o ligeiro pé tocando.
Desce do aspero monte
Diana, já cansada da espessura,
Buscando a clara fonte,
Onde por sorte dura
Perdeo Actéo a natural figura.

Assi se vai passando
A verde Primavera, e o secco Estio.
O Outono vem entrando;
E logo o Inverno frio,
Que tambem passará por certo fio.
Ir-se-ha embranquecendo
Com a frigida neve o secco monte;
E Jupiter chovendo
Turbará a clara fonte,
Temerá o marinheiro a Oriome.
Porque, em fim, tudo passa;
Naõ sabe o tempo ter firmeza em nada
E a nossa vida escassa
Foge taõ apressada,
Que quando se começa he acabada.
Que se fez dos Troianos
Heitor temido, Enéas piedoso?
Consumíram-te os anos,
O' Cresso taõ famoso,
Sem te valer teu ouro precioso.
Todo o contentamento
Crias que estava em ter thesouro ufano!
Oh falso pensamento,
Que á custa de teu dano
Do Sabio Solon creste o desengano!
O bem que aqui se alcança,
Naõ dura por possante, nem por forte
Que a bemaventurança
Duravel, de outra sorte
Se ha de alcançar na vida para a morte

Porque, em fim, nada basta
Contra o terrivel fim da noite eterna;
Nem póde a deosa casta
Tornar á luz superna
Hippolyto da escura sombra averna.
Nem Theseo esforçado,
Ou com manha, ou com força valerosa,
Livrar póde o ousado
Perithoo da espantosa
Prisaõ Lethéa escura, e tenebrosa.

The Sextinas follow the Odes. This singular species of poem, which owes its origin to the Troubadours, and has exercised the skill of various poets, is extremely difficult in its construction. Faria e Sousa has thus defined the rules requisite to be strictly attended to in the formation of a regular sextina. The poem must contain six lines in each stanza, and consist of six stanzas, and three verses or lines for the conclusion; in which as well as in the five stanzas which precede it, must be repeated the six words, with which the lines in the first stanza conclude: amongst these there should be neither *consonante* nor *asonante*,* nor should

* Of these terminations of the Spanish verses, the curiou

any of these words have more or less than two syllables. After the first stanza has been written, the second must be thus organised. The first line of the second stanza must close with the same word with which the last line of the first stanza was finished; the second line of the second stanza must have the same word at the end as the first line of the first stanza; the third of the second stanza must agree with the fifth of the first; the fourth of the second with the second of the first; the fifth of the second with the fourth of the first; and the sixth of the second with the third of the first. The same order must be pursued as to each succeeding stanza, referring to that which has immediately preceded it; and in the concluding three lines the six final words must also appear, two in each line, following with respect to them the same sort of reference as the sixth stanza has to the fifth; so that three of the terminating words will fall at the end of the three lines, and the other three will

reader may find some account in the Appendix No. iii. to Lord Holland's Life of Lope de Vega. Edition of 1817.

be found in the verses, in the order which has been directed throughout the foregoing regulations.*

Dom Joze Maria de Souza writes, that in the composition of this difficult poem, Camoens has not more shewn the flexibility of his genius, than proven that there was not any species of verse in which he could not excel. In illustration of the rules laid down for the order of the sextina, the first of Camoens is given. In this the poet has closely followed the general precepts, which are not regarded by him with respect to the others, and which indeed have been frequently departed from. There are some also who have written poems of twelve stanzas subject to similar rules, an example of which may be seen in the works of Petrarch, and various other alterations have been made, according to the caprice of the several persons who have either amused themselves or taxed their genius in producing such compositions.

Foge-me pouco a pouco a curta vida,
Se por caso he verdade que inda vivo.

* Commentaries on the Rimas.

Vai-se-me o breve tempo d'ante os olhos ;
Chóro por o passado ; e em quanto fallo
Se me passam os dias passo a passo.
Vai-se-me, em fim, a idade, e fica a pena.
Que maneira taõ aspera de pena !
Pois nunca hum'hora vio taõ longa vida,
Em que do mal, mover se visse hum passo.
Que mais me monta ser morto que vivo ?
Para que chóro, em fim ? para que fallo,
Se lograr-me uaõ pude de meus olhos ?
Oh formosos, gentis, e claros olhos,
Cuja ausencia me move a tanta pena,
Quanta senaõ comprende em quanto fallo !
Se no fim de taõ longa, e curta vida,
De vós me inflammasse inda o raio vivo,
Por bem teria todo o mal que passo.
Mas bem sei que primeiro o extremo passo
Me ha de vir a cerrar os tristes olhos,
Que amor me mostre aquelles por quem vivo.
Testimunhas seraõ a tinta, e penna,
Que escrevèram de tao molesta vida
O menos que passei, e o mais que fallo.
Oh que naõ sei que escrevo, nem que fallo !
Pois se de hum pensamento em outro passo,
Vejo tao triste genero de vida,
Que se lhe uao valerem tantos olhos,
Nao posso imaginar qual seja a penna
Que esta pena traslade com que vivo.
Na alma tenho contino hum fogo vivo,
Que senao respirasse no que fallo,
Estaria já feita cinza a penna.

Mas sobre a maior dor que soffro, e passo,
O tempéram com lagrimas os olhos,
Com que, se foge, naõ se acaba a vida.
Morrendo estou na vida, e em morte vivo;
Vejo sem olhos, e sem lingua fallo;
E juntamente passo gloria, e pena.

In the Elegies are detailed many of the striking scenes which chequered the life of Camoens; and advantage has been taken of those parts which were immediately connected with the preceding memoir, and serviceable in making the poet his own biographer. On a perusal of the extracts, which have been there given, the truth of the remark will probably be acknowledged, that the elegies, partaking too much of the epistolary character, are thereby divested, in some measure, of that poetical interest which they would otherwise claim. Admitting the justness of this observation, and also that Camoens did not in their composition pay regard to the rules which guided the ancient poets in the fabrication of this poem; we, however, recognise many passages where the sentiments and style, on some occasions impassioned, and on others melancholy, are truly ele-

giack; and when these favourable circumstances are coupled with the emotions we experience from the narratives of his many and severe misfortunes and disappointments which are here brought home to our feelings, the places alluded to in which prosaic passages may be found, will be readily overlooked and excused.

The Estancias, the principal of which are poetical epistles, are next in succession amongst the works of Camoens; and in the most approved of them we find the genuine and loyal feelings of the poet fully pourtrayed. Of the Estancias, two are most celebrated. Of the first, addressed to Dom Antonio de Noronha, and written on the "Desconcerto do Mundo," Dom Joze Maria de Souza thus writes:—"I "am of opinion that it was composed in Africa. "In it, pointing out to his friend the 'descon-"certos' (irregularities) of the world, he shews "how much his noble soul was grieved by the "immorality with which it abounded. So young "as he was, how worthy of praise is that just "sentiment of virtue, with which he censures "the vices of the court and of the age; and "how amiable is that feeling with which he

" explains to his friend his wish to live in " retirement with him, and there to cultivate " literature !"

The second, written to Dom Constantino de Braganza, in imitation of the epistle of Horace to Augustus, has been fully alluded to in the life of Camoens.*

Amongst the others we have glosas of two of his sonnets, an epistle to a Lady, a poem on an arrow sent by the Pope to D. Sebastian, in the year 1575, and lines addressed to Santa Ursula. The last is disputed to be the production of Camoens, and is very generally supposed not to belong to him. It is also found amongst the works of Bernardes.

The diligence of Surrupita enabled him to bring to light eight Eclogues of Camoens. To these, Faria e Sousa, his unwearied commentator, added seven, five of which he asserts had been usurped by Diogo Bernardes. As the Commentaries of Faria e Sousa were only published down to the conclusion of the eighth Eclogue, the editor of the " Obras," printed in 1779—80, was induced to have recourse to the

* Page 159, &c.

original manuscript, which produced the discovery mentioned at page 362 of the second volume of this Work. This editor, therefore, boasts of having, by this edition, restored to their author those five poems, and of having published two others which had never before appeared.

Dom Joze Maria de Souza questions the arguments adduced by Faria e Sousa, in his endeavour to prove this usurpation by Bernardes; and writes, that with the exception of the Piscatory Eclogue, intituled "A Lilia," of which the style is after the manner of Camoens, he is inclined to think the poems appertain to Bernardes.

The Eclogues of Camoens, from their number and length, form an important portion of his works; and although they are much esteemed in Portugal as possessing more dignity in their composition, yet they are considered as not displaying equal ingenuity and simplicity with those of Sá de Miranda. It is not intended, in stating this opinion, to convey any censure on the Eclogues of Camoens; it would indeed be unjust so to do; for whilst some of them,

where he has adopted the style of the ancients, bear similitude to the Bucolicks of Virgil, others, and more particularly the Piscatory pieces, in which the Italian authors have been followed, are distinguished for great poetical merit.

Dom Joze Maria de Souza observes, that the reader should be apprised, that in some of them their author has, under the assumed character of a shepherd, related many of the incidents of his life, and various facts respecting persons well known at the time.

In the first Eclogue, wherein he laments the deaths of his friend Dom Antonio de Noronha, and of the Prince Dom Ioaõ, Camoens seizes the opportunity, amidst the grief with which he paints the loss sustained by the nation in their premature decease, to proclaim that patriotism and love of his country which were ever predominant in his heart. This poem, which is too long for insertion, is allowed to possess much beauty, as well in its style as in the sentiments contained in it, and to exhibit great skill and genius, especially in the funereal chaunts. The dialogue is carried on between

Umbrano and Frondelio, two shepherds, and Aonia, under which name is represented Joanna of Austria, the wife of the deceased prince, whose feeling expressions of sorrow, in Spanish, on the death of her husband, close the poem.

Camoens had written two other Eclogues to D. Antonio de Noronha, the one commencing "As doces Cantilenas, que cantavaõ," which is said to have been composed in the beginning of the year 1553, and the "A quem darei "queixumes namoradas."

"A rustica contenda desusada," &c. was addressed to the Duke of Aveiro, D. Ioaõ de Lencastro, the grandson of Ioaõ II, the patron and friend of men of genius, and himself a poet.

The last, on the death of D. Catharina de Atayde, asks for our particular attention. In it Camoens transports his grief to us, and makes us participate in the affliction which the event caused him.

Having thus traced Camoens through the various species of verses, in which he had carefully studied and followed the Italian style, we come now to those writings which have descended to us under the name of Redon-

dilhas, comprising a great variety of pieces constructed in the old Portuguese measures. In these latter we see, that strongly as he felt the desire to ameliorate the language, and enrich the poetry of Portugal by the use of the Italian metres, he was not unmindful of the national poems of his country.

In the Life of Camoens notices and extracts respecting some of them have appeared, and more particularly as to the "Disparates na India," and the paraphrase of the 137th Psalm, which is dwelt upon with admiration by his countrymen. The Redondilhas, which commence with this paraphrase, consist of a number of minor poems, wherein is frequently displayed a singularity of conformation requiring considerable ingenuity, together with a softness and grace of expression. In this Redondilhan measure, we find Trovas and Epistles or Addresses to ladies, officers, and the friends of the poet; Cantigas, or Songs; many Voltas, or Glosses on motes or texts which had either been proposed to him, or had originated with himself; the lines written for the entertainment he gave in India, referred to in the memoirs, and

many others, as well in Portuguese as in Spanish. Nor ought we, in observing upon these little sports of his genius, to pass unnoticed a poetical A. B. C. which appears amongst them. The following specimens will convey to the reader an idea of these Redondilhas:—

A HUMA DAMA, QUE JURAVA PELOS SEUS OLHOS.*

Quando me quer enganar,
A minha bella perjura,
Para mais me confirmar
O que quer certificar,
Pelos seus olhos me jura.
Como meu contentamento
Todo se rege por elles,
Imagina o pensamento,
Que se faz aggravo a elles,
Naõ crer taõ graõ juramento.
Porém como em casos taes
Ando já visto, e corrente,
Sem outros certos signaes,
Quanto me ella jura maes,
Tanto mais cuido que mente.
Entaõ vendo-lhe offender
Hũus taes olhos como aquelles.
Deixo-me antes tudo crer,

* To a Lady, who swore by her eyes.

Só pela naõ constranger
A jurar falso por elles.

ENDECHAS A BARBARA ESCRAVA.

Aquella captiva,
Que me tem captivo,
Porque nella vivo,
Ja naõ quer que viva.
Eu nunqua vi rosa
Em suaves mólhos,
Que para meus olhos
Fosse mais formosa.
Nem no campo flores,
Nem no ceo estrellas,
Me parecem bellas,
Como os meus amores.
Rosto singular,
Olhos socegados,
Pretos, e cansados,
Mas naõ de matar.
Huma graça viva,
Que nelles lhe mora,
Para ser senhora
De quem he captiva.
Pretos os cabellos,
Onde o povo vaõ,
Perde opiniaõ,
Que os louros saõ bellos.
Pretidaõ de amor,
Taõ doce a figura,
Que a neve lhe jura
Que trocára a côr.
Leda mansidaõ,
Que o siso acompanha:
Bem parece estranha,
Mas Barbara naõ.
Presença serena,
Que a tormenta amansa:
Nella em fim descansa
Toda minha pena.
Esta he a captiva,
Que me tem captivo;
E pois nella vivo,
He força que viva.

Cantiga.

Na fonte está Leonor,
Lavando a talha, e chorando,
A's amigas perguntando:
Vistes lá o meu amor?

Voltas.

Posto o pensamento nelle,
Porque a tudo o amor a obriga,
Cantava, mas a cantiga
Eram suspiros por elle.
Nisto estava Leonor
O seu desejo enganando,
A's amigas perguntando
Vistes lá o meu Amor?
O rosto sobre huma maõ,
Os olhos no chaõ pregados,
Que do chorar jà cansados,
Algum descanso lhe daõ.
Desta sorte Leonor
Suspende de quando em quando
Sua dor; e em si tornando,
Mais pezada sente a dor.
Naõ deita dos olhos agoa,
Que naõ quer que a dor se abrande
Amor, porque em mágoa grande
Sécca as lagrimas a mágoa.
Que despois de seu amor
Soube novas perguntando,

D'improviso a vi chorando
Olhai que extremos de dor?

Mote Alheo.

Campos bemaventurados,
Tornai-vos agora tristes;
Que os dias, em que me vistes,
Alegres já saõ passados.

Glosa.

Campos cheos de prazer,
Vós que estais reverdecendo,
Já me alegrei com vos ver,
Agora venho a temer,
Que entristeçais em me vendo.
E pois a vista alegrais
Dos olhos desesperados,
Naõ quero que me vejais,
Para que sempre sejais
Campos bemaventurados.

Porém se por accidente
Vos pezar de meu tormento,
Sabereis que amor consente,
Que tudo me descontente,
Senaõ descontentamento.
Por isso vós, arvoredos,
Que já nos meus olhos vistes
Mais alegria, que medos,

Se mos quereis fazer lédos,
Tornai-vos agora tristes.

Já me vistes lédo ser,
Mas despois que o falso amor
Taõ triste me fez viver,
Lédos folgo de vos ver,
Porque me dobreis a dor.
E se este gosto sobejo
De minhà dor me sentistes,
Julgai quanto mais desejo
As horas que vos naõ vejo,
Que os dias, em que me vistes.

O tempo, que he desigual,
De seccos, verdes vos tem;
Porque em vosso natural,
Se muda o mal para o bem,
Mas o meu para mór mal.
Se perguntais, verdes prados,
Pelos tempos differentes
Que de amor me foram dados
Tristes, aqui saõ presentes,
Alegres já saõ passados.

VÒS TENEIS MI CORAÇON.

Mi coraçon me ha robado;
Y amor viendo mis enojos,
Me dixo, fuete llevado
Por los màs hermosos ojos,

Que desque vivo he mirado.
Gracias sobrenaturales
Te lo tienen en prision ;
Y si amor tiene razon,
Senora, por las senales
Vòs teneis mi coraçon.

Only two entire letters of Camoens have been preserved. Of the first, as in it were given the poet's feelings on his quitting his native country, and notices as to the state of India on his arrival, an abridgment forms part of the account of his life. The second is a composition in prose and verse; and, refering more particularly to things then known, but of which we are now ignorant, is little understood at this day. In it, however, Dom Joze Maria de Souza writes, we find imprinted the character of Camoens.

The dramatic pieces of Camoens were either written in his youth, or to relieve a mind severely exercised by study and disappointment: these, therefore, composed under such circumstances, and without pretension to excellence, rather deprecate than invite the severity of criticism. Their author, however well acquainted he might have been with the Trage-

dies and Comedies of the Ancients, and with the rules by which their productions were regulated, followed, in his Comedies, the style peculiar to his own country, and to the age in which he lived; but whilst he thus pursued the steps, he at the same time improved the manner of his predecessors, by copiousness of diction and a better arrangement.

The master of Camoens in dramatic writing was Gil Vicente. Gil Vicente, the place of whose birth, and the period at which that event took place, are alike unknown, was intended for a lawyer, and studied at the University of Lisbon to qualify himself for that profession; yet, although the acuteness of his understanding might have ensured his arrival at the highest honours, his genius, naturally lively and facetious, inclined him to poetry, and he preferred the commerce of the muses to legal fame. He composed various works, following in them the style of Plautus; and, displaying a maturity of judgment accompanied by great novelty of ideas, he became the decided favourite of the court; his productions being repeatedly performed in

the theatre of the palace, before the Kings Dom Manoel and Ioaõ III. and the Princes D. Luiz, D. Affonso, and D. Henrique. The approbation of these royal patrons is represented by Machado to have been secured by the acuteness with which, by jocose phrases and the introduction of rustic personages, he severely censured vice and induced a predilection for virtue; an expedient afterwards adopted in Spain by Lope de Vega and D. Francisco de Quevedo.

The fame of Gil Vicente was not confined to Portugal and Spain, it spread rapidly throughout civilized Europe. Erasmus is reported to have studied Portuguese for the purpose of being able to read his works in their original language, and to have expressed himself highly gratified by their perusal. Full of honours, having been named the Portuguese Plautus, and greatly lamented, he died at Evora, to which place he had accompanied the court in 1557, and was buried in the Convent of St Francisco. He had been sometime married, and left three children. His daughter Paula, herself an author, was a distinguished actress

of her father's Comedies; his son Luiz, five years after the death of Gil, published his works;* and his other son, who bore his father's name, was killed, whilst valiantly fighting in India. Concerning this latter, a cloud obscures the fame of Gil Vicente: the son, having evinced talents superior to those of the father, and which are stated to have been more particularly displayed in an Auto called "D. Luiz de los Turcos," that he might not interfere with his genius, was dispatched to India, where he fell, not more remarkable for his prowess with the sword than for his skill with the pen. The Prince de Luiz, Antonio Pires Gonge, Antonio Prestes, and others, were indeed distinguished for their Autos; but the productions of Gil Vicente have been always allowed to be far superior to any of their compositions.

* Compilaçaõ de todas las obras de Gil Vicente o qual se reparte em sinco livros. O primeiro he de todas suas cousas de devoçam. O segundo as Comedias. O terceiro as Tragicomedias. O quarto as Farsas. No quinto as obras meudas, Lisboa por Joaõ Alvres, 1562, folio, and again in a more correct edition by Andre Lobato, 1586, 4to. Both these editions are of the utmost and most peculiar rarity.

It will be supposed, from what has been said respecting the Comedies of Camoens, that the expression:

> Quod Maro sublimi, quod suavi Pindarus, *alto*
> *Quod Sophocles*, tristi Naso quod ore canit;

in the epitaph written by Fr. Luis de Sousa, is not applicable to the Portuguese poet; as, however, these pieces make us acquainted with the taste of the times, in which he shone, we have no reason to regret their preservation. M. Bouterwek* observes, that they belong more peculiarly to the age of Camoens than to himself; but he adds, had the genius which breathes in the Lusiad taken a dramatic turn, Camoens would have become a Portuguese Calderon before Lope de Vega had appeared in Spain.

The first production may with great propriety be denominated a Farce rather than a Comedy, and Camoens has, in it, more than in the others, followed the old Portuguese writers.

* Geschichte de Poesie. Tom. iv. Gottingen, 1805.

The story is that of Seleucus I, who, having in his old age married Stratonice, a young bride, resigned her to his son Antiochus to prevent his death in consequence of the love he had conceived for his step-mother the queen. It is quite evident that the author had no intention of giving to this drama any other character than that of a farce. The dialogue is lively, frequently witty; and the verses, which are in the Redondilhan measure, are not devoid of elegance.

The Comedy is commenced by a comic prologue or prelude, performed by the manager of the theatre and his boy, and a personage of rank, who attends as a spectator, accompanied by his squire; the manager's boy being the Gracioso of the piece, whose jests and merriment may yet serve, says M. Bouterwek, to keep in memory that species of popular wit, which was then in use among the common people of Lisbon. The historical matter is managed according to the forms of romance.

The Dramatis Personæ are as follows. In the interlude:

O Mordomo, or Manager.
Martin Chiscorro, the Spectator.

Ambrosio, the Squire of Chincorro.
Lançarote, the Manager's Servant.

In the Comedy :—

El Rei Seleuco.
A Reina Estratonica.
O Principe Antiocho.
Leocadio, Page to Antiochus.
Frolalta, Servant to the Queen.
The Chamberlain.
A Chambermaid.
A Physician.
Sancho, the Physician's Boy.
Alexandre da Fonseca, a Musician.

The prologue occupies nearly ten octavo pages, after which the Comedy begins with the entrance of the King and Queen, who hold a conference on the distressing situation of the Prince ; the King commencing the dialogue with his regrets, that whilst the Queen was so beautiful, he himself was so old. The Prince shortly afterwards arrives on the stage with Leocadio, to whom he speaks of his passion, but conceals the name of its object. A short scene now follows between the Prince and

King, which closes with the latter recommending the attendance of his Physician. They retire, and a Chambermaid enters and makes a bed for the Prince: her soliloquy is interrupted by the Chamberlain, who comes disguised in a long cloak, and is in love with her, which gives rise to an amusing interlude, arrested only by the arrival of the Prince. The Prince, after sighing out his grief in several lines, desires his Page to call his father's musicians, who enter accordingly, and Alexandre da Fonseca for some time carries on a conversation with the Page and Chamberlain respecting the condition of the Prince. The Chamberlain is ordered to sing some doleful song appropriate to the sorrow in which his master is enveloped. This mandate is obeyed, and the Prince sleeps, on which they retire. The Queen and her Maid now enter; the former learns, in consequence of her inquiries, that the Prince's life is in danger, and that in the midst of his grief he had let fall a paper, which she receives from the Maid, and by which she is advised of the Prince's feelings towards her. The Physician and his Servant, who, to afford novelty to the piece, are represented as Spaniards, and who converse in Spanish, are now produced; the Servant being of that comic description so often represented on the Spanish stage. The Prince awakes, and after a

soliloquy, wherein he relates the appearance of Stratonice to him in a dream, he is accosted by his father and the Physician. The King orders the Physician to endeavour to discover the malady of his son, which he does by a speech of the Prince on the entry of the Queen. The Physician has now rather a difficult part to play, and is obliged to have recourse to an odd expedient to reveal to Seleucus the real disorder of Antiochus. To the King's enquiries he is at first averse to give any reply, and excuses himself by observing, that he would rather he had not understood the cause: he at length says, that although it is to his own dishonour to state it, the Prince is in love with his the Physician's wife. His majesty does not anticipate any refusal on the part of the Physician to a proposition to give her up for a remuneration by honors and riches; and urges that Antiochus is the sole heir to the kingdom, and for his safety the sacrifice must be made. Having prepared the King by continuing this argument at some length, he discovers to him that it is his Majesty's new bride that has been the cause of the Prince's illness. The King, Prince, and the Physician retire, the former expressing his determination that the cure shall be granted: this resolution gives rise to a dialogue between the Chamberlain and the Page, wherein the affection of the former for the

Maid is alluded to. The next is the closing scene, wherein the King transfers his Queen to Antiochus.

In "Os Amphitriões," a piece of five acts, which follows the "El Rei Seleuco," Camoens has pursued another style of composition, and has produced a regular comedy, in which he has worked up, in a more free manner, the materials employed by Plautus in his Comedy on the same subject. The Portuguese, as it seems, felt little inclination for this union between their national drama and that of the Ancients; and, the authors yielding to the public taste, that amelioration of this species of writing was prevented, which otherwise would probably have been the result, had this Comedy of Camoens succeeded, to which new mode it might have afforded a foundation or era. M. Bouterwek thus describes the Amphitriões of Camoens:—"The whole fable is modernised without weakening the effect of the situations. Jupiter must indeed remain the same personage; but Mercury, who accompanies his disguised master, becomes a complete Portuguese Servant. Amphitrio represents a Captain of a Vessel according to the Portuguese

idea of that character. Sosia, his attendant, is converted into a smart Gracioso, who speaks Spanish. The burlesque scenes in which Sosia figures, are heightened by the circumstance of Mercury, whose dialect is Portuguese, endeavouring to speak Spanish, when he plays the part of Sosia."*

Of the third piece, called Filodemo, we have the argument in the edition of the Obras de Camoens, published at Lisbon in 1782—3.

The characters are:—

Filodemo.
Vilardo, his Servant.
Dionysa.
Solina, her Servant.
Venadoro.
Monteiro.
Doriano, a Shepherd, the Friend of Filodemo.
A Bobo, or Buffoon, Son of the Shepherd.
Florimena, a Shepherdess.
Dom Lusidardo, the Father of Venadoro.
Three Shepherds, who dance.
Doloroso, the Friend of Vilardo.

* Geschichte de Poesie. Tom. 4.

A Portuguese Fidalgo, who by accident went into Denmark, became the admirer of the King's daughter, with whom he was obliged to escape in a galley, because the Princess proved to be with child. Having arrived on the coast of Spain, in which country he had great possessions, the ship was overtaken by a tempest, and being driven on the rocks, all on board perished except the Princess, who reached the shore on a plank. Here she brought forth twins, a boy and girl, and expired just as the tender cries of the infants had attracted a Castilian shepherd, who dwelt in those parts, to the spot. The children grew up under the care and attention of this shepherd. The boy, to whom they had given the name of Filodemo, led by his natural inclination, forsook the fields and repaired to the city, where from his skill in music and his discretion he became a great favourite in the house of D. Lusidardo, who proves to be the brother of his father. Having served him some time, ignorant of the relationship, and inheriting from his father nothing but a lofty spirit, he falls in love with Dionysa, the daughter of his master and uncle, and his addresses are well received. It happened also that Venadoro, the son of D. Lusidardo and much given to the chase, was one day, in following a stag, separated from his associates, and coming to a fountain where

Florimena, the sister of Filodemo, was filling a water jar, became enamoured of her, and would not quit the retreat where she resided. D. Lusidardo, after spending a considerable time in seeking him, is at last informed who the orphans are, by Doriano, who is skilled in magic, and the lovers are all happily united.

This production has been named a dramatised novel, having little plot, but being interspersed with a lively association of serious and comic scenes. In it Camoens has designedly introduced prose, with the intent, as is reported, of banishing verse from scenes, the comic performance of which he thought would be better carried on without the trammels of poetry. When, however, the style is to be elevated, the Redondilhan measure is resorted to, and with great effect. In the comic scenes, the efforts of the Gracioso, who is made to speak Spanish, are not without point and humour. The Comedy appears to commence after Filodemo has been introduced to the notice of D. Lusidardo. The following is part of the scene between Venadoro and Florimena, wherein the former meets with the latter at the fountain.

Flor. Senhor, mais naõ pergunteis,
Porque outra cousa de mi,

Sabei, que naõ sabereis.
De vós agora sabei,
O que naõ tendes sabido:
Se quereis agua bebei:
Se andais por dita perdido,
Eu vos encaminharei.

Ven. Senhora, eu naõ vos pedia,
Que ninguem m'encaminhasse;
Que o caminho que eu queria,
Se o eu agora achasse,
Mais perdido me acharia.
Naõ quero passar daqui;
E naõ vos pareça espanto,
Que em vos vendo me rendi;
Porque quando me perdi,
Naõ cuidei de ganhar tanto.

Flor. Senhor, quem na serra mora
Tambem entende a verdade
Dos enganos da Cidade:
Vá-se embora, ou fique embora,
Qual for mais sua vontade.

Ven. O' lindissima donzella,
A quem a ventura ordena
Que me guie como estrella;
Quereis-me deixar a pena,
E levar-me a causa della?
E já que vos conjurastes
Vós e amor para matar-me,
Oh naõ deixeis d'escutar-me:
Pois a vida me tirastes,
Naõ me tireis o queixar-me.

Que eu em sangue, e em nobreza,
O claro Ceo me extremou;
E a fortuna me dotou
De grandes bẽes, e riqueza,
Que sempre a muitos negou.
Andando caçando aqui,
Apoz hum cervo ferido,
Permittio meu fado assi,
Que andando dos meus perdido,
Me venha perder a mi.
E porque inda mais passasse
Do que tinha por passar,
Buscando quem m'ensinasse,
Porque via me tornasse,
Acho quem me faz ficar.
Que vingança permittio
A fortuna n'hum perdido!
Oh que tyranno partido,
Que quem o cervo ferio,
Vá como cervo ferido!
Ambos feridos n'hum monte,
Eu a elle, outrem a mi:
Huma differença ha aqui,
Qu'elle vai sarar á fonte,
E eu nella me feri.
E pois que taõ transformado
Me tem vossa formosura,
Hum de nós troque o estado,
Ou vós para o povoado,
Ou eu para a espessura.

Flor. Dos arminhos lhe certeza,
Se lhe a cova alguem çujar,
Morar fóra antes d'entrar:
D'estimar muito a limpeza
Pola vida a vai trocar.
Tambem quem na serra mora
Tanto estima a honestidade,
Que antes toma ser Pastora,
Que perder a honestidade,
A troco de ser Senhora.
Se mais quereis, esta fonte
Vos descubra o mais de mim:
O que ella vio, ella o conte;
Porque eu vou-me para o monte,
Porque ha já muito que vim.

Vai-se Florim.

Ven. O'Linda minha inimiga,
Gentil Pastora, esperai:
Pois que tanto amor me obriga,
Consenti-me que vos siga;
Vá o corpo onde alma vai.
E pois por vós me perdi,
E neste estado amor me pòs
Os olhos com que vos vi,
Pois os deixaste sem mi,
Oh naõ os deixeis sem vós.
Porque a fortuna me disse,
Que nas serras, onde andais,
Em estes extremos tais,
Naõ era bem que vos visse

Para naõ ver de vós mais.
E pois amor se quiz ver
Da livre vida vingado,
Em que eu sohia viver,
Faça em mi o que quizer,
Que aqui vou ao jugo atado.
Vai-se Venadoro apoz de Florimena.

THE END OF VOLUME I.

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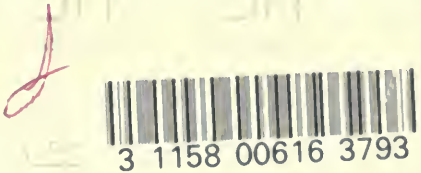
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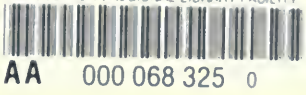
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